Suspecje Anopik · 1827

THE

SCOURGE;

OR,

MONTHLY EXPOSITOR

OF

IMPOSTURE AND FOLLY.

VOL. III.

What! arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,
Lash the proud gamester in his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain,
Follies and vices, e'en in Lewis' reign,
Could Laureat Dryden pimp and friar engage,
And neither Charles nor James be in a rage,
And *I* not strip the gilding of a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's tool or slave!
I will, or perish in the generous cause,
HEAR THIS, AND TREMBLE, YE WHO 'SCAPE THE LAWS.

POPE.

LONDON:
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THE PROPRIETOR,
NO. 5, NEWGATE-STREET;
And sold by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

1811.

PREFACE.

TO express at stated intervals his gratitude for past indulgence, and to renew his promises of future excellence, is a duty which custom has imposed on every periodical writer, and which the editor of the SCOURGE is unwilling to consult his own inclination by neglecting. Yet it is not easy on such occasions to avoid the language of the boaster, or the suppliant: to speak with confidence without provoking the charge of egotism, or to express the emotions of honest diffidence, without assuming the tone and manner, of a writer who trusts to the kindness of the public for that approbation which should be granted only to his merits.

If the editor of the SCOURGE were permitted to express the feelings of the moment in language prompted by the occasion, he would say that he *has accomplished* much, though much remains to be accomplished. Obstacles, of every kind and in every shape, oppose the successful progress of the periodical satirist. The prejudice excited

against productions similar to the SCOURGE, by the misconduct and imbecility of a host of rivals and predecessors; the claims on the editor's forbearance that are indirectly advanced in the usual intercourse of life; the dread of lacerating, beneath a fictitious name, and beneath the garb of temporary folly, the feelings of individuals whose general character he admires, the difficulty (arising from the construction of libel) in obtaining avowed and confidential correspondence, and the impossibility of reposing confidence in anonymous communications, all conspire to render his duty as arduous as it is unpleasant, and to excite an occasional wish that the publication of which he has undertaken the superintendence, were modified into one of those mild and inoffensive productions, in which the virgin seeks for "a pattern of needle work," and the old woman details *his* sepulchral progress. By those who have any personal interest in the failure of satirical works, or who wish to obtain at an easy expence the reputation of sensibility, it is insinuated that personal satire ought not to be encouraged, that to invade the recesses of domestic privacy is unmanly and ungenerous, and that to assume the office of a censor implies at once unpardonable vanity and inveterate malignity. To the charge of invading the recesses of domestic privacy, unless there be included in the appellation the retreats of the harlot and the gambler, we can only reply by a positive assertion of its falsehood; but to the accusation of vanity we may oppose the authority of almost every name that has been distin-

guished in modern literature. It will not be asserted that literary excellence alone, gives to the man of genius a jurisdiction over the conduct of his fellow creatures ; and if moral rectitude be the required qualification, a modern satirist may without any disparagement to his modesty, lay claim to an equal right of censure with Juvenal or Churchill. Personal satire is objected to, it is said, because it lacerates the feelings of private individuals : if, then, we confine its application to public men, where are we to draw the line between the individual, and the minister, or the servant of the public? And if such a distinction could be drawn, the attempt to prove that it had even been observed by the ancient or modern satirists, would (as we shall prove at an early opportunity) be worse than abortive. We are content to labour beneath the disapprobation of those who discover in the personal satires of Dryden the effusions of envy and malignity.

Even compared with productions avowedly devoted to the pursuit of learning and philosophy, we are not sure that our pages are peculiarly deserving of censure for undue severity. There is nothing in the pages of the SCOURGE to be compared with the attack on the late Mr. Ritson by the Edinburgh Reviewers : the charge of scurrility will apply with greater justice to several prominent articles in the British Critic, than to any thing we have written ; and the very newspapers that abound with paragraphs on the licentiousness of the press, insinuate in a manner not to be mis-

taken, that Sir Francis Burdett corresponds with Talleyrand, and that Cobbett is rewarded for his political labours by the Emperor of France. The journalists, whether weekly, or monthly, or quarterly, forget that stupidity is more pardonable than wickedness; all their sympathies are excited at the first alarm in favor of a harlot, a swindler, or a drunkard; but for either difference of political opinion, or a non-observance of the canons of Aristotle, or the composition of a hasty and imperfect essay, they have no mercy. They reserve all their indulgence for vice, and all their indignation for fatuity or negligence.

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JUNE 1, 1812.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Exhibition has given place to the Review of the Fine Arts.

The melancholy fate of Mr. Perceval, has rendered the insertion of the Pocket Book, and other articles of a similar description impossible. W.'s *Windsor memoranda* are left at the office.

Our readers will observe, that, in this number, we have been materially indebted to the assistance of correspondents, particularly so to the Author of the Empire of the Nairs.

We regret Veritas's disappointment: and beg the favor of the promised interview.

Lansdowne memoirs, are, to our certain knowledge, wholly fictitious.

The communication respecting the new system of writing, introduced by Mr. Carstairs, shall meet with attention when we recur to Mr. Lancaster. We have been pleased and surprized by the specimens we have seen, and think the system may be rendered of essential utility.

Lady A.'s request shall be attended to at an early opportunity.

We are obliged to our Albany correspondent for his entertaining observations, and should be doubly pleased, did we know to whom we are indebted for so much amusement.

The Pulpit, on Mr. Wellesley, is under consideration.

The Hypercritic, on the Edinburgh Review, arrived too late for notice in our present number.

Published January 1st 1812 by M Jones 5 Newgate Street.

THE REHEARSAL OR THE BARON AND THE ELEPHANT.

G Cruikshank fect

THE SCOURGE.

JANUARY 1, 1812.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For an explanation of the Caricature, see page 64.

We beg leave to return our best acknowledgments to Veritas; he would add considerably to the obligation could he favour the Editor with a confidential interview.

The statement of a friend of Joanna Southcott shall be properly employed in the course of the present month; and if we be satisfied that any part of our informant's communication was incorrect, it shall meet with an early contradiction.

J. S. a Friend; a Brighton visitor, Piscator, &c. &c. on the subject of the *Worthing fracas*, are inadmissible.

We are obliged to Peace and Equality: it is a pity that his language is not as decorous as his remarks are entertaining.

Dr. Puzzle Pate has sent us a paradox, which we leave to the admiration, or if they please to the solution of our readers:

"What is blacker than a white swan,
Or more insignificant than a lean ALDERMAN."

Of a "Eulogy on Devon's Duke," we shall insert the first stanza for the edification of the public:

"Illustrious duke, as chaste as snow,
Pure as thy spotless mother;
Diana owns thee for her son,
Adonis for his brother."

The anecdotes of Lady M. The account of two unfortunate affairs, or the D——ss of M—— versus Mrs. H. must be authenticated.

The Political Observer, and the Reviewer, are unavoidably postponed.

To Clarissa we shall transmit our private remarks on the documents with which she has favoured us.

In our last number the first rhyme of the third stanza of the Address to Mr. Percival should be *showing* instead of knowing.

THE

SCOURGE.

JANUARY 1, 1812.

THE BARON AND THE ELEPHANT;

OR, ETNA IN AN UPROAR.

SIR,

THE Baron De Geramb having just announced that his crop of whiskers for the year 1812, is nearly arrived at its full growth; and Mr. Polito having declared that the Elephant will be able in a week or two to tread the stage with the requisite majesty and grace, without endangering the toes of the biped performers; I beg leave most respectfully to submit to your consideration, an outline of the grand melo-drama, in which these two *great* and celebrated actors are intended to make their first appearance. Excited to amicable rivalry by the far-famed feats of his friend Mr. Coates, the Baron burns with ungovernable ardor to contend with him for the palm of histrionic excellence: and to personate the smock-faced Romeo, or the unbearded Frederic, would not only be unworthy of so noble a personage, but extremely difficult, without the obliteration of his labial ornaments; a measure from which, if his exalted mind could entertain it for a moment, he is precluded by his contract with your correspondent Mr. Project. The part of the hero in Artaxerxes was at first selected for his *debut*; but the Baron had scarcely proceeded in its examination so far as the first scene, before he exclaimed, "Vat de devil, am I to be one *cocu*, one very bonne joke, ma foi; I vill not it!"

After this display of eloquence, the managers discovered the necessity of consulting the Baron himself, respecting the choice of an old drama, or the construction of a new one: under his immediate superintendence, therefore, has "The Baron and the Elephant, or Ætna in an Uproar," been composed and got up, with the utmost care on my part, and the utmost liberality and magnificence on the part of the managers.—Submitting the outline itself to the "indulgence of a generous public,"

I remain, Sir,

Yours, profoundly,

SYLVESTER SCRIBBLE.

Scene the first.—Baron Whiskerandos, the gallant and the gay, exiled from an ungrateful country, by the persecutions of the law, is seen wandering along the shore of the Elbe, at the moment when a British frigate arrives before the mouth of that celebrated river, in order to put in execution the decrees of blockade. The Baron paces to and fro in agitation and despair, pronounces the name of Sophia! and rushes into the waves. The crew of the English frigate witness the act; but unacquainted with the race of Whiskerandi, they are lost in doubt, whether the floating animal be a sea-horse or a bear; till the appearance of his hessians above the surface of the wave, as he struggles for existence, induce them to suspect that the object of their curiosity may possibly be a human native of some remote region of the globe! The boat is therefore sent out to his assistance, and the next scene introduces him to the cabin of the frigate; the sea-boys eye him with amazement, while the officers interrogate him respecting his history. He answers nothing, but produces, from his pocket, a bundle of letters from Sophia, a passport through the French dominions, a book of cheques on the Parisian treasury, and a copy of instructions.

The scene now changes to Cadiz, where the disconsolate Sophia is discovered scouring the kitchen utensils of her cruel and haughty master, Don Scipio Grindero. Her

eyes are poetically declared to be brighter than her pans, and blacker than her stove. As she scrubs the kettle, she unconsciously fills it with her tears, and then carelessly places it on the hod.

THE COOK MAID'S SONG, (*Sophia.*)

Oh! straight as a poker, but not so slim,
Is my true love the Baron bold;
As brown as a toast are his whiskers grim,
Not a pan in my kitchen looks brighter than him,
And compared to his passion, my oven is cold.

Tho' Sancho the footman so straight and tall,
A fine looking fellow may be,
Side by side with the Baron he's not handsome at all;
And when once he would kiss me, I cried with a squall,
I'm *meat* for your master, so don't be so free!

Don Whiskerandos to his Sophy is true,
And faithful still will he prove;
For once in the arms of our English Sue,
I caught him; and beat him from brown to blue,
Crying, there is some *sauce* for your *mutton*, my love!

My master Grindero may fret and fume
His passion may *boil*, while I *roast* the old boy,
He's the gout, and the phthisic, and head-ache and rheum-
Atics; and were I to yield, I presume,
A very fine kettle of fish I should fry.

We'll *dish* our foes, and *smoke* the don*,
And the people put in a dreadful *stew*;
Like a bright pair of tongs, still joined in one,
Tho' asunder: the mob we'll look down upon,
And a *match* so well managed will never look *blue*.

* Don Grindero.

I think of my true love, so fine and so *great*,
 If I at the kitchen *grate* but look,
I'll not *mince* the matter; with the Baron so sweet,
I'm as full of love as an egg's full of meat,
 And I'll be a gay lady by hook or crook.

Enter her master Don Scipio; he attempts her chastity, but armed with virtue and the tongs, she repulses him; again he proceeds to the assault, but the sight of a red hot poker induces him to desist; the poker cools, and by a *ruse de guerre* he gains possession of the fire-place. He now assails the unhappy maiden for the third time, but just as he is about to accomplish his object, the kettle of *tears* boils over, and scalds his foot; and while he is bellowing in all the agony of pain and anger, the lovely Sophia effects her escape. But her joy is of short duration: she is seized upon by the police, accused of attempting her master's life, and condemned to be cast into the sea. Scene changes to the shore. The maiden is brought forward, and thrown from the summit of a rock: she is seen struggling with the waves, but just as the spectators have lost all hope of her preservation, and she sinks, apparently to rise no more, the Baron Whiskerandos, who had made his peace with the ministry of England, dashes from the rock, and buffeting the waves with majestic grace, snatches his beloved mistress from an aqueous grave. The shores resound with acclamations, and the people await with impatience a nearer view of her deliverer; but the Baron with a promptitude and spirit of enterprize peculiar to himself, fastens the fair one's dishevelled locks in a true lover's knot to his own whiskers, and thus supporting his precious burden proceeds to England.

Scene first, Act second, therefore, discovers him and his mistress over a comfortable steak at the Saracen's Head, whither they had come in the stage-coach; and where the Baron expresses his determination to remain

till he receives the necessary remittances. An interesting dialogue ensues, in which Sophia relates the outrage of Don Scipio Grindero. The Baron swears by his mustachios that he will revenge her wrongs; but he has no wish for another watery excursion; his late enterprize having more than sufficiently damaged his insignia. While he is deliberating on the best mode of accomplishing his object, the newspaper is brought in: Mr. Sadler's air-balloon strikes his eye; he immediately resolves on an aerial voyage, and orders a post-chaise for Hackney. Scene changes to the scite of the balloon; and as these machines are perfectly new to the stage, it is not to be doubted that this part of the Melo-drame will be received with universal approbation. The ascent will be conducted under the superintendence of Mr. Sadler; the elevation of the machine will display the front face of the Baron to the utmost advantage, and the representative of the lovely Sophia will perform many surprising evolutions on the slack rope attached to the machine.

Act the third. View of the palace of the Great Mogul. The Mogul and his courtiers on their knees in the front of the palace, worshipping a distant object that appears hovering in the air, and is perceived as it descends to be the Baron and Sophia in their aerial vehicle. They descend to the earth, and alight with the assistance of the guards, through whose ranks the Baron proceeds with great dignity sweeping away with the see-saw motion of his whiskers whole regiments of opposing troops. The Great Mogul testifies the most profound reverence; entreats him, but in vain, to partake of a cold collation; and finding that he will not honor his court by a prolonged residence, orders a variety of magnificent presents to be presented to the exalted pair. Sophia contents herself with a necklace of diamonds, and the baron with an elephant. The animal is fastened to the parachute, like a hog on a sign-post, and after a due observance of etiquette, they accomplish their re-ascension amidst the hymns of the multitude. Scene changes to Cadiz—Don Scipio's chamber—a letter is brought to him, which he reads aloud.

To Don Scipio Grindero.

Most obnoxious reptile,

Inasmuch as thou hast attempted to violate the marble chastity of that master-piece of heaven, the lovely Sophia, mistress of me, the knight of the hairy countenance, come forth! vile caitiff, and upon that flaming mountain whose bowels rage with heat as vehement as that which scorches the bosom of a devoted lover, expiate thy crimes. So shall the flames of dishonourable love be punished by the devouring bowels of the terrene volcano, and bravery and worth be the instruments of the wrath of Venus. Thy mortal enemy,

From my aerial mansion. WHISKERANDOS.

The scene changes to Mount Etna; solemn music. At length the mountain vomits forth a shower of burning lava, by the light of which the Baron and Sophia are discovered hovering over the crater of the volcano. While they are singing a duet, Don Grindero is discovered slowly ascending the mountain on an Andalusian donkey. The elephant is unloosed from the car, and standing on one edge of the crater, throws its proboscis to the opposite brink, so as to form a bridge across the burning abyss. Sophia, the Baron, and the Spaniard now alight, and the two warriors take their stations, one at the root, and the other at the tail of the proboscis, while the fair spectator stands aside to witness the combat. The report of their pistols startles the elephant, he rushes down the declivity into the yawning furnace, bearing away with him the unfortunate Baron, while Don Grindero, seizing the ropes of the balloon, which still hovers over the scene of action, ascends into the air, from whence having arranged his machinery, he pounces on the amazed Sophia, and bears her off in triumph.

The next scene represents the interior of the Devil's A— a-Peak in Derbyshire: the Baron is discovered seated in a bucket, which slowly ascends towards the mouth of the cavern; as he rises he deplores in adagio, the singe-

ing of his whiskers, by the fires of the volcano.—View of an interior apartment at the New Hummums. Sophia and Grindero are discovered at the breakfast table. They sing a duet, in which she repeats her vows of constancy to the Baron, and the Spaniard expresses his amazement at her coldness, and his conviction of the destruction of her lover in the fires of Mount Etna. At this juncture the newspaper is brought in; and Don Grindero reads the following paragraph:

"We hear that the renowned Baron Whiskerandos is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished Miss T. L. the heiress of immense property, and possessed of every virtue that can contribute to the happiness of the matrimonial state." Sophia faints away: at this moment the Baron enters and falls at her feet; his scorched whiskers supply the place of burnt feathers: their odour restores her to her senses; but she no longer regards him with her former sentiments. She gives her hand to Don Grindero, who favours the audience with a polacca; the Baron hangs himself in his whiskers, and the piece concludes with the funeral procession, in which the ghost of the elephant appears as chief mourner!

As the merit of the preceding sketch seems chiefly to depend on its conformity to historical truth, we gladly embrace the opportunity of verifying and illustrating its most important scenes, by the subjoined advertisement; written, as we are assured, by the *chere amie* of the Baron, and paid for by himself.

"Many of our countrymen having noticed with astonishment the peculiar taste that the Baron Geramb has ever displayed in this country for every thing that tends to celebrity or popular distinction, we have collected the following details of him, which being strictly authentic, will serve as a proof of his having possessed that taste before he visited England, where every thing original or

extraordinay excites so much curiosity, and that he has often exercised it in the service of objects, which reflect much honor on his heart and mind.

"We read in the Frankfort Gazette, of the 9th of September, 1808, the following article.

"The Baron Ferdinand Geramb has requested of the different governments which were concerned, the permission to erect at his own expence monuments to commemorate the memory of the Austrian Generals, Palsy, Piazeck, and Hotze, on the spot where they so gloriously lost their lives; and has received a favorable answer to his wishes from them all."

Court Gazette.—Presburg, Aug. 26, 1806.

"On the 21st of this month, at eleven o'clock in the evening, a workman belonging to this place inadvertently fell into the Danube. On seeing him fall and hearing his screams, an immense crowd of persons soon assembled; but no one among them attempted to rescue him. Not one boat being in readiness, which was absolutely necessary to send to his assistance, every other means threatening inevitable death to those who would have bravery enough to undertake it; as the Danube, in consequence of the very heavy rains overflowed, which likewise added to the rapidity of its course, particularly in this part: at this critical juncture the Baron Ferdinand Geramb, arch-chamberlain of service to his majesty the Emperor of Austria, who is so renowned for his many noble and exalted actions, and who in the last war raised the regiment of her majesty the empress, which he conducted before the enemy, now appeared. At the sight of the unhappy sufferer to fly to his relief, by plunging himself in the waves without even undressing, was for him the affair of a moment; and after a short interval he was plainly perceived, with the unfortunate he had saved, evidently struggling with the strength of the torrent. At length, aided by an inimitable courage and dexterity he brought him safe on shore. In addition to this exemplary action, not content with

having saved his life, he likewise made him a handsome present."

In *The Ambigu* of the 20th of September, 1807, (taken from the French Journals.)

"The intrepid *Ferdinand Baron Geramb*, famous for his travels, his writings, and more particularly for his conduct during the last war, when he commanded as colonel to an Austrian regiment, has recently had an affair at Palermo which characterizes him. Having disputed with an officer of distinction, he was challenged by him, which he accepted, but upon conditions that the combat should take place on the summit of Mount Etna, and that if either of the two should fall, the centre of the volcano should become his tomb. The officer avoided the burial, having only had his arm fractured by the Baron's second shot. The latter received a ball in the crown of his hat." *Times, &c. December 10th*, 1811.

Were an Englishman to decline the challenge of a rival, unless he consented to take a journey to Etna or Vesuvius, he would be branded as a coward, or derided as a madman. If the "*muzzle to muzzle*" bravadoes of General Clavering were regarded with mingled feelings of pity and derision, it may be easily predicted, that the exploits of Baron Ferdinand Geramb, will be contemplated with other emotions than admiration and reverence. We beg leave to hint to this ostentatious personage, that true dignity never supposes itself to be the object of distrust, nor descends to those vulgar and desperate artifices, by which the *pretenders* to rank, and birth, and personal importance, obtain a transient and delusive notoriety. When an individual is reduced to the evident necessity of attracting the public notice by his personal eccentricities; when he has repeated recourse to the meanest arts of newspaper puffing; when he obtrudes himself on the notice of the daily journalists, yet listens to their sarcasms with the most sensitive alarm, and to their doubts of his pretensions with an irritation, that can

only be appeased by the expectation of legal vengeance; it is not ungenerous to conclude that he entertains a secret consciousness of his own unworthiness; that he has no substantial and satisfactory grounds of self-estimation; and that there is some circumstance of his history, or some defect in his pretensions, of which he shrinks from the discovery. Still less will the justice, or the liberality of these conclusions be disputed, if the obnoxious individual has passed that period of life, in which the impetuosity of youth is received as an apology for extravagance of conduct; if his career of notoriety be pursued at a distance from the scenes of his youthful exploits, and from those who are best able to judge of his pretensions; if his present pursuits be of a more profligate description, than those which he asserts to have marked his entrance into life; and if according to his own confession, he has forsaken the society of princes and statesmen in his own country to become, among a foreign people, the patron of their buffoons, and the associate of their fourth-rate pretenders to fashionable notoriety. The real friends to the Baron Geramb, would frankly inform him, that every individual in his peculiar situation, and pursuing his career, is regarded by the English nation, (whether justly or unjustly, we shall not venture to decide,) as an ideot, a madman, or a———; as the tool of his companions, the victim of insanity, or the artful agent of secret purposes, under the disguise of thoughtless eccentricity.

We shall leave him therefore to muse in expressive silence, his gratitude for our frankness, assured at least that the impression of our admonitory pages, on his susceptible feelings, will not be less forcible, or less pleasing, than that of his own mustachios on the sensibility of the Wanstead heiress.

London, Dec. 12th, 1811.

THE WHIPS.

Sketch I.

It is extraordinary, that these associations are composed of the lowest (to speak delicately) of what are called, men of fashion.---We shall present our readers with biographical sketches of the whole fraternity; but an eminent member of "*the Buxton club*," having lately entered into the holy estate of matrimony, we give him the precedence. "*The Captain*" is the supposed son of a man who was first heard of as a slave driver in the West Indies. He married a daughter of his master by one of his slaves, and it is said, contributed to his premature death. Be that as it may, he succeeded to his property; and hastily disposing of it, hurried to England with a large sum in money and produce—unfortunately he forgot to take with him the mulatto founder of his fortunes; who, poor woman! was left in her native island, destitute and forlorn. His villainy soon broke a heart, which his previous cruelties had already deeply wounded. On Mr. ——'s method of life in this country it is useless to dilate. It is sufficient to say that he had two sons by a female servant, who to the hour of his death continued in the most menial capacity of his household; the youngest of these sons is our present subject. His father, or reputed father did not consider him worthy even the common education of a natural child. He was allowed to fight his way in the kitchen, and was the constant companion of the lowest servants of the house. As, however, his age encreased, he was perpetually a subject of complaint, as being an incumbrance in the way of the servants; and this, notwithstanding his size was diminutive, infinitely below the usual order of lads of his age. On this account, although hardly able to write his reputed name, a very inferior situation was procured for him in one of the public offi-

ces in Somerset-house. From this, he was soon dismissed for absolute incapacity. Mr. ——. having him thus returned upon his hands. and not knowing what to do with him or how to get rid of him, was induced to procure him a commission in the army, and out came our hero, an officer of his majesty's———. In the mean time his brother proving to be a perfect ideot, was placed on the parochial charity-school, where he remained until the death of the supposed father, when "*the captain*" found himself possessed of a moiety of the whole plunder of the poor West Indian, that second Yarico, that miserable example of misplaced confidence. The other moiety of Mr. ——.'s wealth, being the property of the wretched ideot, "*the captain*" at once removed him from his miserable abode, and placed him in one of those private receptacles, where objects of his unhappy description are cheaply received and provided for. There he at present remains; and our hero of course possesses the whole property of his supposed father. In order to have this possession most safely to himself, he shewed consummate art and ingenuity. The property was chiefly in the public funds in plate, and in a collection of pictures of considerable value. His first step was to alter the position of the whole: he exchanged the funded property into other securities, invested a considerable sum in annuities, at the most exorbitant interest he could obtain; and sold the pictures to a celebrated nobleman for a large sum. By these means he secured to himself possession of the whole property, and his poor brother was allowed to remain in the ample wretchedness of a private madhouse!

But his honors had not yet attained their full growth. Conscious that he had *no native name*, he was desirous of obtaining one: to effect this, he purchased a seat in parliament, and although he has never yet presumed to open his mouth but upon one occasion, yet his "*parliamentary duties*" are the constant theme of his discourse. His personal vanity is extreme: although scarcely of

the lowest size of man, yet his presumption is hardly to be described. He is the most contemptible of the human race. Ignorance, ostentation, and avarice, are the leading features of his character. In order to encrease his funds he had recourse to the most detestable practices of usury. His principal source of income proceeds from annuities, arising from small sums advanced to distressed men, who were obliged to give exorbitant interest to obtain money as a temporary relief. In this pursuit he was, and still is an apostle of the celebrated Jew King; and under his auspices advertised for customers in the money-lending line. Many are the necessitous men, who will sigh deeply at this recitation: the Marquis of H—— will here at once recognize his old acquaintance. The following anecdote we give, in the certainty that its notoriety places it beyond contradiction. The Hon. B——y C——n, was induced to answer an advertisement signed A. B. offering to lend money to men of family, and giving a reference to a coffee-house in the city. Thither Mr. C. repaired, and to his astonishment our hero was the A. B. who was thus encreasing his own revenue, by taking advantage of the necessities of the distressed. Mr. C. could not restrain his indignation. He expressed himself in the strongest terms of abhorrence.—"Well may you, Captain ———," said he, "revel in luxury; well may be your establishment the most sumptuous in town, when you have recourse to means infamous as these of supporting them:" and after having seen the little man shrink into his native nothingness, he left him to digest the lesson he had so opportunely received.

He has lately entered into the sacred bonds of matrimony, and has led his blushing bride into the house occupied before by his several successive mistresses, who were always the lowest refuse of prostitution. In the very carriage in which these women appeared, this *delicate creature* (who had been hawked and offered to every old and young man in town, and whose union with the captain was a trick on both sides, which turns out a mutual disappointment,) now shines conspicuously eminent.

This article has already extended to too great a length: it will be continued in our next, in which will be submitted to the public eye, the adventures of the lady mother, with notes critical and explanatory, as connected with her, of "*the Fiddler*," and of her arts to entrap his son into a matrimonial alliance with her other daughter; not forgetting the fiddler's own history, or the means he adopted to enter the noble family with which he is allied, to its eternal disgrace, and to the misery of his wretched wife, the unfortunate Lady ———.

THE PULPIT, No. VI.

SERMON PREACHED AT THE CHURCH OF ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET-STREET, ON SUNDAY, DEC. 8, 1811, BY THE REV. MR. JONES, CURATE AND EVENING LECTURER.

TEXT.

Exodus, Chap. XIX. verse 18.—And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.

THE Jewish history, it has been said, presents us with a phenomenon to which that of other nations affords no parallel, and holds no resemblance. A nation led on by a train of contrivances from obscurity to grandeur in performance of a long-past promise to a remote ancestor; its progress advanced by none of the usual steps of rising nations: led on through a long trial of calamities, which were constructed to invigorate and purify the national character; sometimes subdued and oppressed by the hands of those who had been previously announced to them as their punishers; sometimes raised and led up from captivity by an interposition which contradicted all the forms of human agency and human experience; exhibiting from the commencement to the close of their singular

career, a feature which was never exhibited by any other people in a light so strong, so plain, so undeniable—the incessant, avowed, and actual agency of Providence conducting an immense series of complicated concerns to an end of the most signal import to the world. The constituent characters of this history are as singular as its general aspect. The whole exhibits a broad and grand impression of a superior hand, a system of provisions and precautions full of wisdom and mystery: offering, like the frame of universal nature, much to confound and astonish our feebler faculties; but like it evincing by the evident display of beneficence; by the obvious design, the mighty purpose, and by the undeviating performance, that "the hand which made them was divine."

The argument from the coincidence of prophecy with fact in the annals of this extraordinary people, cannot be resisted by any mind that is qualified to estimate the value of testimony. That prophecy must have proceeded from God, which sustains the general principles of his moral laws, and is strictly performed under circumstances which leave no room to suspect a shadow of collusion between the deliverer of the prediction and the agent by whom it is visibly brought to pass. All the tests which rational doubt, or even querulous and carping scepticism have conceived for the examination of truth, have been applied to the investigation of the Jewish predictions, and applied only with the effect of making their *general* authenticity more clear, decided, and unquestionable.

Prophecy is the most singular and most striking of all the evidences which have been given in support of revelation. Miracles do not come down to us with such immediate evidence, or command such willing yet irresistible conviction. The miracles of our Saviour cannot be resisted by unprejudiced understandings: their plainness, their useful object, their extent, their total distinctness from all that we have ever conceived of human power, give an irresistible attestation to a mind calmly weighing the true against the false. But there is a spirit of col

incredulity in the general heart, which peculiarly sets itself against this species of evidence. With prejudices of this complexion it is not enough to shew the total improbability of human artifice in the wonderful works of a Being who had no connection with the resources of earthly power, or the extreme difficulty of evading the scrutiny of a whole people, excited to the discovery, by every motive of national pride and popular interest. It is not enough to urge the perfect abstraction from those motiveswhich usually excite mankind to laborious efforts. Wealth was not the object, because in any country the simple gift of healing disease would have showered down riches on its possessor. Power was not the object, because though our Saviour declared himself a monarch of more than human authority, he drew back from popular admiration. Fame must have been an idle expectation in a country, bounded and closed up from the general intercourse of nations; of which the people were themselves despised by the Gentile world, while they scorned connection with the heathens as an inferior generation. Fame might have been found in Greece and Italy. He "who spake as never man spake," might have found auditors and admirers, as his apostles did in countries where fame was immortality; but he had other views strongly distinct from power, or wealth, or fame. He came to do his Father's business, and that business was to die.

The argument from miracles is powerful, and it appeals with peculiar force to the ruder minds of men. But the argument from prophecy is still more powerful, and it appeals to philosophers. If prophecy be proved by the event, and proved to the satisfaction of the enquirer, there can be no doubt that it was the work of a being superior to man. There is nothing in human prescience that does not admit of a clear distinction between its extent, and that of inspired foresight. The regular succession of certain consequences to certain causes, may establish a connexion between them, sufficient for the usual direction of reason. But conjecture is the extreme

extent to which the faculty reaches; and the most sagacious calculator can frequently only guess the result of the most common causes. Rational foresight never presumes beyond a few years, but in prophecy we have a power looking into ages, speaking in a language not understood, nor intended to be understood by the generation in being; but addressed to generations that are to rise in other lands, and other countries; and resting a large share of its credibility on the want of connection between the events of the time at which the prophecy was delivered, and those of the distant period at which it was to be brought to pass. If events of this obscure, singular, and surprising order, are declared by men who could have no possible influence on their performance, and who had slept in their graves for many generations before the actors in the completion of the prophecy were born, there is a sufficient ground for the belief of an interposition superior to that of man. If the object of the prediction should be obviously the cause of human purity, the honor of God, and the happiness of his creatures, the power must come from heaven. Satan cannot be divided against himself. Admitting that the most specious delusions were permitted for a while, it could not be continued without betraying itself by its effects; and it is perfectly inconsistent with the idea which God has given us of himself, either in his revealed word, or in the creation which surrounds us, to suppose that he could permit a delusion which would overpower our reason, when exerted sincerely for the attainment of religious truth, or transfer the native and simple worship of the human heart to the adversary alike of God and man. Religion is the great concern of human beings: national grandeur is without it insecure, and individual existence, a fretful, weary, unsubstantial dream.

The great events on whose fulfilment the credit of the prophetic inspiration rests, were of an order which could not have come within the sphere of human speculation. Some of them depended on miraculous interference;

some of them related to circumstances, which were then so far without the reach of human foresight, that modern ages are compelled to remain in ignorance of their nature, though they acknowledge their occurrence. They were foretold many centuries before they were realized; and the prophet and the historian were ultimately found to have detailed the same facts, in nearly the same order, and the same expressions. There is nothing parallel to the character of the Jewish prophet in the religious establishments of the ancient world. In Rome, the soothsayer was a mere creature of office; whose predictions, so long as the barbarism of the people allowed him to predict, were drawn from sources, evidently unfitted for the discovery of truth, and only used by the designing to impose on the superstitious. The satire of Cicero on the college of augurs, would not have been hazarded by a man of his habitual deference to public decency, unless it were merely a repetition of the public opinion. In Greece, some loftier superstitions gave a more imposing influence to the art of the diviner. The northern provinces, in which the oracles of Delphi and Dodona were situated, are to this day distinguished by those features of stern and gloomy grandeur, which dispose the mind to superstition. An immense tract of loneliness, broken by chains of mountains, and rapid streams, and ancient woods; the thousand sounds and shapes that came upon the senses of the enthusiast; the shadowy and fantastic lights that broke upon him through the sacred groves; the rustling of the unseen cataract, the voices of the rising storm, the perpetual rolling of the thunders along the brow of Olympus and Octa; the sudden and abrupt magnificence of the precipices that seemed to touch the heaven; the dark terrors of the mountain pass; the melancholy and unbroken solitude of that immense forest, which once overshadowed the land from Phocis to the shores of the Illyrian Sea; all formed a crowd of influences from which neither vigor, nor insensibility, nor preparation of mind could turn away unawed or unsubdued.

When the Persian troops were sent to plunder Delphi, they were repulsed in their first attack, and believed that they were repulsed by the deity himself. Those barbarians hot with the lust of plunder, despising the superstitions of the Greeks, and looking on Delphi as the repository of the richest treasure in the world, were awe-struck by the scene in which the temple stood; and after an attempt defeated by a few priests and peasants, fled back through Greece, declaring that the oracle was defended by more than mortal powers, and that they had heard the trumpet and the thunder of the deity. The Greek, whose superstition, at once graceful and sublime, had peopled all nature with fine forms and living energies, shapes of surpassing loveliness, and forms of god-like power; the subtil and sensitive Greek, whose fancy had worshipped a nymph in every spring, and a genius in every grove, must have given himself up with full submission to the magic of a solemn rite, that led him through shades and solitudes, the majesty of forests, as old as the creation, and mountains never climbed by human foot, up to the gates of the temple, into the midst of monuments of all that was glorious in the history of his country, and from them before the sacred shrine. It is not in the power of a modern imagination to conceive the enthusiasm, the reverential awe, the fervent adoration of this creature of sensibility, when after passing the perils of his long journey, he found himself within the portals of the temple, dazzled by the sudden blaze of wealth and splendor, to which the most remote kings of Asia had contributed; surrounded by the memorials of his ancestors, the tripods, the inscriptions, the statues of ivory and gold, the monuments of Grecian heroes and legislators; the trophies, the Persian spoils, the works of Grecian art, the magnificent presents of foreign princes, the gifts of Crœsus, and the sculpture of Praxiteles.

The solemnity of the rite that was still to prepare him for the oracle: the rigorous fast, the sacrifice, the darkness, the nocturnal sounds, the wild and fitful

music, the sleep on the skins of the slaughtered victims, at length brought him into the presence of the Pythia, to gaze upon a form that seemed scarcely human, uttering the oracle in the bold language and fierce gestures of insanity. The whole system shews, even in its adaptation to human weakness, a sense of defect which was incompatible with a consciousness of superior agency. The responses were, as might be expected, generally incoherent and inexplicable: in those few which have been preserved to us as models of oracular wisdom, there is nothing beyond a studied and ingenious ambiguity of language; which providing for the credit of the oracle, whatever the event might be, gave sufficient evidence at once of artful impotence, and necessary caution.

The Jewish prophet was frequently a man engaged in the usual occupations of humble life, a shepherd or a husbandman, until the moment when he was summoned to unfold before the monarch and the people, the decrees of the Almighty Spirit who had called him to be the minister of his word. He then came forward, without pomp, without attendants, without preparation; and in the face of danger and authority, he denounced the visitation which was to come upon the land. There appears to have been in the character of the genuine prophet, no tampering with the powers which were eminently interested to purchase the silence of this high assertor of unwelcome truths. He came unattended into the palace of the king; before his courtiers and his guards charged him with his crimes, declared the sentence by which he was to be driven from the throne, and then calmly retired beyond the reach of his revenge.

To those who evade the force of prophecy, by asserting that the supposed predictions were written after the occurrence of the events to which they relate, the peculiarities of the prophetic portraiture must be an insurmountable stumbling-block. The forgers of fictitious writings for a particular purpose, would have naturally aggrandized the persons from whom they pretended their

oracles to be derived: they would have endeavoured to enforce them by splendid tales of official dignity; by introducing the prophet to an exalted station in the palace of his sovereign, by cloathing him in gold and purple: his forms of incantation would have been described as supernatually solemn and mysterious: his communications with the Almighty would have been detailed with all the eloquence that language could display, and attended with all the brilliance that the imagination of the ambitious forger could conceive. These are objections most usually urged by the advocates of infidelity against the only prophetic book (the Revelations) of which the authenticity is disputed, even by orthodox christians: and if we allow the force of such remarks, when they militate against the authority of the church, it is only fair that their manifest tendency should be admitted, when they serve to confirm the wavering, or satisfy the rational believer.

To him who admits the force of these remarks, it will scarcely be necessary to point out the evident application of many parts of the prophetic writings to the most important events that have occurred in the history of the world; and it is, therefore, with considerable regret, that we observe the prevalent disposition in our orthodox preachers, towards bringing forward every fact recorded in scripture as typical of the future state of the christian church? There are innumerable prophecies so distinct and so important, as to be dwelt upon with pleasure and edification, without adducing the passage of the Jordan as typical of our Saviour's passage through the gates of hell.——Mr. Jones, like many of his brethren, permitted his enthusiasm to run away with his discretion; and adduced the history of the journey through the wilderness, as *typical* of the journey of christians through the world of sin. As an illustration of our progress through life, we have no objection to the subject; but it is worse than presumption, to suppose that the Almighty suffered a nation of four millions of people to waste away by fa-

mine and the sword, merely that future generations might admire the beauty of the parallel.

The discourse of Mr. Jones was incoherent, unconnected, and ungrammatical. He is never content to be rational and impressive—he must constantly endeavour to astonish. Inelegant bombast is the peculiar characteristic of his style and awkward violence, of his manner: he is just as well qualified to expound the words of life and death, as Mr. Diestrichsen to deliver lectures on the laws of honor. To

> "Rend with tremendous sound our ears asunder,
> With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder,"

was once regarded as peculiarly characteristic of a Blackmore; but the unfortunate auditor whom vicinity of residence may seduce to an occasional visit at St. Bride's, will be too certainly convinced, that on some occasions the description may be as applicable to the parson as the poet.

THE DANCING COLONEL.

IN our account of the *soi-disant* Colonel, in a former number, we were unfortunately in an error, which, as is our custom, we are anxious to correct. "*Dennis,*" was the uncle, not the father of the hero; but they followed similar professions, and were eminently celebrated as the best chairmen of their day. Dennis's history is well known: as knife-boy at a club-house in St. James's-street, he opened his career. There he passed his noviciate: at eighteen he was introduced into the honorable fraternity of the knights of the pole, by Mr. Thady Marra, a famous chairman of that day. His subsequent intercourse with the well known Charlotte Hayes; his successive occupations in her seraglio as chairman, pimp, bully and paramour, are still well remembered. Eventually,

through her means, he became enabled to send an offer to his brother in Dublin, to join his fortunes in London. This man was too poor to undertake the journey, and too strongly inpressed with the conviction of the native unworthiness of his family, to believe the golden story of Dennis; yet not wishing to break entirely with a brother, who had annually sent him a few pounds, he decided, after a long consultation with Katty his faithful companion, (who added to their little store, by most industrious exertions in manifold capacities at the Castle Guard-room in Dublin,) upon sending the first fruits of their loves to his uncle. At this particular crisis, a regiment of the Dublin garrison, happened to embark for England. One of the grenadier serjeants had a *peculiar friendship* for Katty: to his care, then, was our hero confided from his native cellar in Barrack-street; and under his auspices, was he landed at Liverpool, where he first inhaled British air. He was received by his uncle with kindness; and Charlotte treated him as an adopted son. His early youth was passed in her haram: here his glorious talent for the mutual accommodation of the sexes was first formed, and here was that embryo first created, which has since repened into such happy maturity. His adventures in camp, garrison, and quarters, are fresh in the memory of many of our fashionable readers; nor is it necessary to repeat the history of the court martial, by which he was broke, and deprived of his favorite title, (which he still is weak enough to retain,) for peculation and fraud. On the death of his uncle, he succeeded by will to the estate at C——: unhappily for him it turned out an Irish legacy in every sense of the word, being mortgaged for more than its value; and it is a well known and absolute fact, that our hero's vanity is such, that to possess the titular honor of being proprietor of C——, he absolutely paid the interest of the mortgage, which was 130l. per annum beyond the rental. Sir W—— well knows this fact; for he purchased the estate under a foreclosure by the mortgagee, and the colonel had not one shilling to receive!!!

The profits of his various occupations are now materially on the wane; his talents for sexual accommodation having failed him in his old age: for now that he has passed his sixtieth year, his appearance is getting too disgusting, even to exhibit as a pander. On this account and on the success of his rival, Madam D'Erville, who is a cheaper and more certain agent, his sources of income are gradually exhausting. He has lately had recourse to two new methods of life; they are both amiable and interesting: the one is to negociate the sale of the Opera beauties, among the men of the third rate circle, where yet he can gain admittance. In this pursuit, he last year realized several hundred pounds, by negociating with two noblemen, a baronet, and an honorable, for the little affairs of Mad. C., Mad. M., Mad. N., and Mad. S. He boasts of his having anticipated his friends in the happiness to which he introduces them. The ladies say no; and his really forbidding appearance is a strong corroboration of their truth. His other, and equally lucrative employment is, the being jackall in chief to a certain class of desperate gamesters of this town, who prey upon the inexperience of youth, and who by themselves and their trusty agents, are always on the look out for the devoted victims of their arts. We shall lay before the public a list of the most honorable fraternity. Our duty is to SCOURGE the infamous; and we will fulfil it: tremble therefore ye who prey on the credulity or weakness of your fellow creatures: your arts shall be exposed, in the anxious hope, that your villanies by publicity may cease to have effect!

London,
December 23d, 1811.

THE HYPERCRITIC.---No. V.

The New Quarterly Review, and Colonial Register.

The talents of Mr. John Gifford, have long since found their proper level in the estimation of the public. Fluent without eloquence, intelligent without any unusal portion of acuteness, and well informed without much variety or profundity of knowledge; he is adapted for that species of composition, which "all who run may read;" which amuses rather than delights, and which does not disappoint expectation, only because it does not provoke it. His political habits and opinions conveniently accord with his powers and attainments: a servile Pittite, and a bigotted intolerant, he finds a suitable exercise of his literary talents, in that peculiar species of specious and fluent declamation, which entertains without disturbing the literary idler, and lulls the compunctions visitings of that numerous body of individuals, to whom enquiries are *inconvenient*. To such phrases as "social order, and our holy religion," "all that is great, and generous, and virtuous;--- "the sacred code delivered by our forefathers,"---"reverential feelings of awe and veneration," we have no other objection, than that however applicable in themselves, they supply the place of reasoning and of truth; but the fluency with which he applies the words and expressions, revolutionary miscreants, base faction, vile wretches, civic traitors, modern Robespierres, and the scum of jacobinism, is worthy of more decided reprobation; not only because they display the imbecillity of the writer who employs them in a very striking point of view, but because they are at once malignant and unjust; subversive of every principle on which legitimate discussion has been conducted by the teachers and benefactors of mankind, and possessing an evident

tendency to render literary warfare synonymous with personal hostility, and restore that era of persecution, in which error of opinion was visited with the punishment of moral criminality.

We are happy to observe, that the language of the Colonial Register is more subdued in its tone, and more decorous in its selection, than might have been expected from our knowledge of his former writings. But he still continues to substitute bold and common-place assertion for argument; and by the due admixture of positive epithets, to assume every question, before he condescends to examine the statements, that bear on its solution. "Every one knows, (he says,) who knows any-thing of public characters, and political events, that Mr. Pitt not only did attempt to refute, but did actually refute, to the perfect satisfaction of the largest majority in parliament which ever sanctioned with their support any minister in this country, every accusation which the members of opposition brought against him, on the subject of war and peace." Those who admire, in the preceding instance, the felicity and brevity with which Mr. Gifford dismisses many disputed questions, and establishes many important propositions, and who are satisfied with the concise mode of argument, by which it is proved that the majority in the house of commons always vote in subservience to the dictates of conscience; that their conviction must always be infallible: that the greater a majority, the more reasonable must be the conclusion that its decision is right; and *therefore* that our system of warfare for the last twenty years, under the guidance of Pitt, was invulnerable to objection or attack, will find in the pages of the New Quarterly Review, many other examples of philosophical discussion, not less adapted to their taste.

But violence and bigotry will sometimes be excused, in consideration of the talent by which they are supported. "Materials for thinking" may be drawn from the ingenious suggestions of the writer with whose principles we do not coincide, or of whose general pre-

judices we are compelled to disapprove; and profound or accurate information may be supplied by those who pervert it to a disingenuous purpose, or whose powers are inadequate to luminous or philosophical deduction. But it is the misfortune of Mr. Gifford and his coadjutors, that they never delight by the brilliance of their serious speculations, or the felicity of their playful efforts; that they communicate little which was not known before, and seldom erect an ingenious or solid superstructure on the materials collected by their neighbours. The distinctness of perception, and minuteness of analysis, displayed by the Edinburgh Reviewers in their criticism on Southey's Curse of Kehama; the keen and sarcastic irony of their answer to Styles, and their reply to Copplestone; the forcible conciseness of their summary respecting the Walcheren expedition; the extensive research that distinguishes the review of *Dutenson* Arches; the philosophical ingenuity of their literary contest with Dugald Stewart; and the powers of reasoning that peculiarly characterise their political articles, are all wanting in the publication before us. Its authors place nothing that is old in a new light, and seldom elicit a fact that is unknown, or an idea that the most superficial reader can pronounce to be original. To express obvious conceptions, in a respectable manner, to connect the detached portions of a popular argument in a comprehensive form, and convey the deductions of good sense, from views occasionally correct, but frequently imperfect, in a style at once voluble and perspicuous, are the only excellencies to which they can justly pretend. Their chief error is diffuseness; they dwell on detached parts of a subject with scrupulous prolixity, yet overlook many important points of discussion, and weary you with proofs of a trifling corollary, while the chain of regular investigation is broken or entangled. They are good manufacturers of tolerable writing, but will never be mistaken for statesmen, or wits, or scholars, or philosophers.

The first article---a review of Courtenay's State of the

Nation, is rather judicious than profound, and more elegant than instructive. Its observations on the state of parties may save us the labour of future explanation, and convey to our readers no unfavourable impression of the work.

"Lord Sidmouth's coterie consists possibly of half a dozen peers, and half that number of commoners. These gentlemen are remarkable for soundness of religious principle, for goodness of intention, and for mediocrity of talent. Mr. Canning's little senate comprizes, we believe, that gentleman himself, Lord Leveson Gower, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Sturges Bourn and Mr. Dent, with an occasional straggler or two. Here is indeed *multum in parvo*, a paucity of numbers, but great respectability of political and financial skill and talent. A third division, at the head of which Mr. Wilberforce is placed, is much more numerous. It comprehends occasionally as many as thirty members; the Thorntons, Mr. Babington, and all those gentlemen who are reputed to have a peculiar cast in their religious principles belong to this division. Mr. Bankes too sometimes votes with it, as did Mr. Stephen before he was made a master in chancery. It will not be incurious to take a very cursory view of these different collections of individuals in the house of commons, who keep aloof as it were from all parties and from each other, and preserve a kind of surly independence. There is another description of members, amounting to about half a dozen, with Sir Francis Burdett as their chief; whose principles and whose object are too well known to require any elucidation from us.

"First, be it observed Mr. Canning's slender band of senators have for their principal object the acquisition of power for their chief, and consequently for themselves Mr. Canning it is known was educated by the friends of Mr. Fox, with a view to enlist him in the ranks of opposition. Circumstances which it is needless to recal, gave to his pursuits a different direction, and to his mind a

different bias. He came into parliament first, and afterwards into office, under the auspices of Mr. Pitt. With wit, information and talents to recommend him; with the example of such a master to improve him, and with the interest of such a patron to promote him, it was not likely that the youthful candidate should remain long stationary. He accordingly rose from a subordinate situation in the foreign department to the head of it. While there, his official correspondence did not belie the opinion which the public had formed of his abilities. On the disgraceful separation of Mr. Pitt's friends; disgraceful we mean to those who formed a junction with his political enemies in opposition to him, Mr. Canning preserved his honor unsullied, and remained faithful to his patron. On the death of Mr. Pitt; whose loss is every day more and more deeply deplored, whose services are every day more and more justly estimated, and whose merits are every day more and more justly acknowledged, Mr. Canning adhered to that portion of Mr. Pitt's friends who adhered most closely to his policy; acting with them in the first instance when out of power, and subsequently returning to office with them when they nobly vindicated the rights of their sovereign, maintained his independence, and rescued him from the most formidable league which an overbearing aristocracy ever formed for the humiliation of their king. Up to this period of his public career, Mr. Canning's respectability kept pace with his principles. As secretary of state for the foreign department, he upheld the honour of his country, and maintained a dignity of tone and character becoming his station; while as a parliamentary speaker he improved by habit, and displayed at one time a brilliancy of imagination which fascinated, and at another a strength of reasoning which convinced his hearers," &c.* * * * After expressing their opinion that his conduct towards Lord Castlereagh was reprehensible, and his statement unsatisfactory, they proceed.--" The truth, it is understood, was, that on the death of the Duke of

Portland, Mr. Canning wished Mr. Perceval to resign the premiership to the Marquis Wellesley, to retain his own situation, and to make Mr. Huskisson chancellor of the Exchequer. In fact, he greatly overrated his own powers and influence, while he as much underrated the power and influence of Mr. Perceval, who it is true has far exceeded the expectations of his most sanguine partizans.

"It was his desertion which influenced the decision to make conciliating advances to the leaders of opposition; the result of which served to fix Mr. Perceval in a seat, which it is but common justice to observe, he consented to fill, from patriotism and not from ambition; and most worthily, indeed, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, has he filled it. Three of the gentlemen who constitute the majority of Mr. Canning's parliamentary friends, accompanied him in his retirement from office, and very naturally look forward to the period when they may accompany him in his return.

"Of Lord Sidmouth's coterie little is to be said. They form one of the links in the chain of the Grenville party; but they differ essentially both from the Grenvillites and the Foxites on certain leading questions of public policy. Lord Sidmouth himself has not been inaptly termed a political puritan * * * *. It is impossible not to pity the feelings of this benevolent peer (on the seizure of the Danish fleet,) but alas! they are not the feelings of a statesman, nor are his opinions such as should actuate the councils of a great empire. The truth is, that accidental circumstances once placed Lord Sidmouth in a situation greatly above the level of his intellects. He is a plain, good sort of man, with sound religious and moral principles, with excellent intentions, but with no energy of character, and no strength of mind. There was a certain solemn and sober seriousness in his deportment and delivery, while he filled the chair of the house of commons, which imposed not merely on the multitude but on the majority of the house itself; at a time too, when it possessed a much greater proportion

of talent than it can boast of at present. It must not be forgotten that this honest gentleman was recommended both by Mr. Pitt and by Lord Grenville as a fit successor to the former; it should be remembered also that they both promised him their support, so long as he should persevere in the line of policy that had marked their own administration, and that they actually did support him until they ceased to approve his conduct. * *

"The few members of either house attached to Lord Sidmouth, have much the same casts of character with himself. They are all good moral men; and some of them have a solidity of talent, and an extent of information which render them useful adjuncts to any administration: and if we may be allowed to judge from their past conduct they will have no objection to become the adjuncts of any administration."

"Mr. Wilberforce's division of parliamentary combatants, from a congeniality of opinion, from an uniformity of object, and from the extent of its numbers, approaches much nearer to what is called a *party*, than either of the two preceding bands. And they are entitled, probably, to more respect, because they are as a body more independent; though there are individuals among them, who act neither independently nor consistently. In another respect, too, they have more of the appearance, and of the consequence of a party. For they are sufficiently numerous to turn the scale which ever way they wish it to preponderate, in every case on which the opinions of the house are pretty nearly divided. This is an advantage which no other body of men in the house possess. It would be folly to suppose that the members of the party are not fully aware of the importance attached to this circumstance. And as among them are some who made no scruple, during Mr. Pitt's administration, to convert their parliamentary influence into a source of private emolument, and as since that period, in a notable instance, the same individuals sacrificed their public duty to considerations of personal interest; it is not uncharitable to

suppose, that the same disposition may still prevail. The party, however, as a party, and especially their two leaders, Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Bankes, are wholly exempt from any imputation of the kind. The peculiar nature of Mr. Wilberforce's religious principles has given a complexion to his public conduct, of which his enemies seldom fail to avail themselves; it has also affixed to his name a kind of stigma, which ought by no means to attach to it. For Mr. Wilberforce, as a man of knowledge, and a man of business, is a most useful member of parliament. On all public questions too his vote, during the whole of his political career, has been manifestly the result of the deliberate conviction of his mind. However mistaken he may have been on particular points, it is impossible to withhold from him, without the greatest injustice, the praise of having acted conscientiously. Mr. Bankes too, is an independent man: but his rage for œconomical reform, which has miserably degenerated into public parsimony, ever productive of mischievous consequences to a state, exhibit a striking contrast to his personal establishment."

The subjoined statement will not be entirely without interest to our Oxford readers.

"After Mr. Canning's retirement from office, when a vacancy occurred by the death of that virtuous and lamented nobleman, the Duke of Portland, in the high office of chancellor to the university of Oxford, Mr. Canning interested himself for the success of the Duke of Beaufort. On this occasion two things were obvious to every one who thought at all on the subject, 1. that they who supported Lord Eldon and they who supported the Duke of Beaufort, had so far one common object, that they all wished to prevent the success of Lord Grenville; and, 2. that by dividing the opponents of Lord Grenville, they materially strengthened his lordship's interest. Indeed this appeared so certain to *some friends* of the Duke of Beaufort, and to *some friends* of Lord Eldon, that a proposal was actually sub-

mitted to the former to compare lists for the purpose of ascertaining which of the two candidates had the fairest prospect of success, in order that he who should be found to have the least chance should make over his interests to the other for the purpose of securing the exclusion of their common opponent. The proposal itself was so rational and so obviously conducive to the end which both parties had avowedly in view, that it was conceived no objection could possibly be made to it. Mr. Canning however did object to it: he insisted that the Duke of Beaufort should abide the issue; and to this strange decision alone is Lord Grenville indebted for the dignity which he now enjoys in the university of Oxford."

The admission that neither the Duke of Beaufort nor Lord Eldon had any other object in view than to prevent the election of Lord Grenville, is an involuntary sacrifice of interest to truth.

The deficiency of the New Quarterly Reviewers in scientific information, is strikingly exemplified in their criticism on Hutton's Course of Mathematics. It is a mere index to the work; displaying neither laborious accuracy nor ingenious investigation: and bears the same comparison with the Edinburgh reviews of De Lambre and La Place as Bonnycastle's Algebra to the Principia of Newton. It would be more prudent to avoid mathematical subjects altogether, than to astonish and fatigue their readers with any further extracts from common-place dissertations on projectiles and waterfalls.

On the whole, we would advise Mr. *John* Gifford to return to his usual avocations, and to be content with the emoluments of his monthly journal, and the honors of his official situation. The Antijacobin Review is more likely to flourish under his immediate auspices, than under the superintendence of Mrs. West: it commands a respectable circulation, and may be rendered a still more effective vehicle of his political sentiment. But from the present undertaking, he can derive no emoluments, but what are dependent on the caprice of

ministers; and the dignity of editor to a New Quarterly Review, will not, we conceive, afford any adequate compensation for thankless and unprofitable labour. To Mr. Redhead Yorke, who appears from internal evidence to be a principal contributor, the same advice will equally apply: as a weekly writer under a variety of disguises he may be useful and entertaining; but nature did not intend him for a statesman or philosopher.

GRAPHIC AND MEDICAL NUISANCES.

SIR,

THE superiority of the present enlightened generation, over their timid and ignorant forefathers, can scarcely be doubted by any of your civic and pedestrian readers. Many years have not elapsed, since obscenity was regarded as disgraceful; and a premature knowledge of physical causes and effects, was supposed to corrupt the heart, in proportion as it extended the sphere of curiosity. But the philosophers of our own times are of opinion, that vice becomes less dangerous the better it is known; and that a perfect acquaintance with its deformity is the best security of youth against its insidious approaches. That this is the persuasion at least of our worthy magistrates, is evident from the impunity with which the most indecorous prints and indelicate advertisements are daily exhibited to the notice of the public productions which a few years ago, would have subjected their exhibitors to a dungeon or the pillory, and which might almost vie with the monstrosities of Morland.

From George-street, Mary-le-bone, to Chancery-lane, the windows of the petty bookshops have been for some time decorated with a print of Dick *v.* Dick, on a delicate question of sexual potency, illustrated with interesting and explanatory dialogues. The Strand has been long annoyed

by a fellow with a placard, on which is inscribed "Misfortunes the Bane of Pleasure," and accompanied with auxiliary observations more fully illustrating the subject, who delivers hand-bills of a nature the most improper to every age and sex. An emissary from Poppin's-court, Fleet-street, initiates young gentlemen from school into all the mysteries of vice; and communicates the materials of prurient meditation to veteran profligates. That the magistrates have the power of abating these nuisances is evident; that they have not done so, in some measure elucidates the danger of conventional censorship, and the miseries of which all puritanical associations are productive. For some time they officiously assume the powers of the magistracy, who gladly relinquish an invidious and unpleasant duty to auxiliaries so enthusiastic and so able; but in time their zeal subsides: they render themselves obnoxious to every class of the community, and are reduced themselves to the same degree of inefficiency with the legal officers of police. The suppression of licentious pamphlets and indecent placards, is a voluntary but superfluous duty on the part of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and is the required duty of the magistrate; but what has been at one time the duty of both, is now the business of neither: and the town has been corrupted, that the worthy and literary suppressioners might have an annual opportunity of writing doggrel, talking nonsense, and eating a good dinner.

Yours, respectfully,

F. S.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

GENTLEMEN,

IN the exercise of your official functions, your utility to the body, of which you are the representatives, and to

the nation, over whose commercial prosperity you have obtained so paramount an influence, must be unavoidably circumscribed by the peculiarity of your situation. Possessing an extensive patronage, it is the interest of a large proportion of the people of England to applaud your conduct on every possible occasion; and to coincide in whatever views you may find it pleasant, or convenient, to entertain. The ministry are occasionally reminded of their errors, by the zeal of opposition; and are taught, by the united exertions of their political enemies, to suspect that their plans may occasionally be conceived in error, or rendered abortive, by the guilt or incapacity of their dependents. But the lords of India are seldom doomed, in affairs relating only to their domestic policy, to hear the language of complaint or remonstrance. The discipline prevalent in their public schools is beneath the notice of a politician, and only falls within the notice of parents, who dare not complain; or of dependents, whose retention of their offices depends on their silent subservience.

That you will regard the statement of facts, therefore, that I am about to lay before you, with equal surprize at their existence, and regret that they should not have become the subjects of more early investigation, I am willing to believe. The late disturbances at Hertford, may possibly have awakened you to a slight suspicion, that your scholastic establishments are not perfectly faultless in their original design, or their practical execution. You appear, indeed, with a true spirit of mercantile prejudice, to have devoted all your attention, and displayed all your liberality to your *civil* students, while your military cadets are left to the discretion and generosity of their tutors.

The military institution at Croydon was originally established at Woolwich under the superintendence of Dr. Andrews; who kindly accommodated forty cadets in a house, that had not long before been found just equal to the comfortable residence of a dozen pupils. Seven or eight young

gentlemen, therefore, of whom the majority had arrived at their seventeenth year, were obliged to herd together in one apartment; and every other part of the scholastic discipline was conducted on a similar scale of liberality and prudence. Many privations however were endured by the students, in the expectation that on their removal to a more eligible residence their grievances would be redressed. After due enquiry the servants of the company selected Croydon as the most eligible place of education: but on the removal of the students they found no change in their treatment or accommodation. The positive regulations of the school were indeed preventative of personal comfort or enjoyment, and have seldom been equalled in the annals of absurdity. For young gentlemen, almost arrived at manhood, educated for the artillery and engineer department of the company's service, expected to possess the feelings and acquire the habits of gentlemen, and about to be exposed to all the luxurious temptations of the east, a system of diet was established that of all others was best adapted to stimulate every sensual appetite, and to make them look forward with impatience to the period of emancipation and enjoyment. Four pieces of bread and butter, and a bason of cold tea for breakfast; one piece of bread, to a dinner without vegetables; two pieces of bread and butter, and a basin of sky blue, or tea washings, coloured with milk, at six o'clock; and one piece of bread for supper, was the luxurious fare of these "gentlemen cadets." Every article of furniture, and all the eating and cooking apparatus were dirty beyond description. Eighty *gentlemen* were liberally allowed to have among them three drinking mugs, and one man servant. Though eighty pounds are paid by the company for each cadet, exclusive of cloathing; and the articles of dress are supplied under your immediate superintendence; yet by some mismanagement on your own parts, or that of your servants, one half of the whole number *were usually obliged to absent themselves from church, for want of decent clothing!*

Nor were these the only mortifications, great as they were, and disgraceful as they would be considered to the poorest charity-school in the kingdom, of which they had occasion to complain. The *esprit de corps*, the feelings of self-respect, of decorum, and manly generosity, that it ought to be the first object of military education to cherish and develope, were either destroyed or repressed by the interference of a lady of the family, who whatever may be the merits of her husband, has no claim to respect for her accomplishments. Like the wife of some daily pedagogue, whose scholars pay him sixpence a week for his scholastic labours, she took upon her to *scold* the young gentlemen, to treat them like so many black-guard little urchins, to pry into all their secrets, and rummage all their depositaries of bread or apparel. As a proof of her politeness, and of the gentlemanly decorum so creditable to the " lords of Asia," with which the establishment is conducted, it will be sufficient to relate, that on being told by the cadets that they were in want of wash-basons, she elegantly replied " *Go and wash in the horse-pond !*"

Even that part of the œconomy of the establishment, on which the health, or even the existence of the cadets may depend, is deplorably neglected. The airing of sheets is not particularly attended to, and the medical department is not conducted with any unusual degree of attention and assiduity.

Such is only a superficial recapitulation of the manner in which this " military seminary" has been and is yet conducted. If all the future generals of Indostan, and the military heroes who are hereafter destined to defend the possessions of the company, be sentenced to pass the same ordeal, an Indian officer will scarcely be distinguished by habits or reputation above the *soi-disant* colonels of America.

I remain,
Gentlemen,
Your obedient humble servant,
AN OBSERVER.

London,
Dec. 24th, 1811.

THE LOVERS--AN ODE.

While T——y, wealthy maid, was ruing,
Time misspent in fruitless wooing,
Suitors five with ardor swelling,
Made their constant home her dwelling;
Praying, fighting, swearing, drinking,
From vice or folly seldom shrinking;
Till once 'tis said, worn out with waiting,
They swore they'd know, *sans* more debating,
Each playing his appropriate part,
Who best deserved her virgin heart.

First W—— rushed, his nose on fire,
  And prostrate on the carpet laid;
No amorous sounds his lungs suspire,
  His *snorings* only reach the maid.

Next D——'s duke his luck to try,
  Salutes the fair in accents sweet;
But stammering, blushing, trembling, shy,
  He stumbles o'er the coxcomb at her feet.

Recovered from his prostrate state,
  In sighs alone his grief he tells;
And his full bosom, hapless fate!
  At once with port, and speechless passion swells.

But thou! oh P——e, with legs so nimble,
  French or German was the figure,
  That sooth'd the heavenly virgin's rigor,
And made thee dearer than her topaz thimble?
Amidst the mazes of the sprightly dance,
  He trips and turns as merry as a grig:
And as the *Self* resounds, or *Drops of Nantz*,
  More beauteous wave the locks of T——y's wig;
While to the hollow drum, and squeaking fiddle,
They hand in hand curvet it down the middle.

And longer had they danced, but with a frown
C—— gracefully arose;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face,
Then threw his princely 'kerchief down;
And with an amorous look,
From out his fob his diamond snuff-box took :
And ever and anon with gentle beat,
He pats its ivory lid so neat.
And tho' sometimes, each gentle pause between,
Dejected Jordan by his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied ;
Yet still the prince, with simp'ring mien,
Unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd, and look'd, sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
look'd, and sigh'd again.
Oh! happy prince! each raptured minion cries,
Oh! happy prince, obsequious John replies.
With ravished ears
Great Cl——e hears ;
Affects to nod ;
Assumes the god,
And seems to shake the spheres:
At length with love and joy at once opprest,
The sopha yields his royal —— rest.

With moistened eyes just fresh from weeping,
His pockets empty, spoiled his sleeping,
From hazard see the stripling dupe appear,
One hand contains a pistol, one a song;
One meant for W——y, t'other for Miss L——;
So Mars with Cupid ran his joint career.
Scarce had he heard the distant voice of Pole,
Before he pocketed the scroll,—
From his weak grasp the empty pistol fled—
That pistol! emblem of its owner's head,

Down the steep stairs on terror's pinions borne,
He seeks the well-known inn, and journies back
forlorn.

But oh! how heightened was the festive scene,
When the bold B—— trod the spacious floor,
They would have thought who saw his ghastly stare
And lofty strut, a monkey to a bear,
In some far distant land, this (worthy) bore.
Furr'd was his neck, death from his bosom grinn'd,
And on his cap two cross-bones struck their
view;
In shape like his, the crafty devil knew,
Had he appeared, not lovely Eve had sinn'd.
With his bold arm, so oft he'd stemm'd the flood,
The wave had washed all modesty away;
Through fire v—— and through goose's blood,
He'd rak'd and eat of life his devious way;
His w——s serv'd to veil the smile malign,
To hide 'neath folly's mask the dark design,
And from his arts to turn the public gaze away.

Vain were the prince's trickling tears,
The blubbering D——'s bashful fears,
Sir G——'s thundering snore,
The Baron's labial sprouts so long,
Or stripling Kilworth's namby-pamby song,
The wondrous offspring of his riper years:
A wealthier youth the cap of vict'ry wore.
To happy P—— her hand advancing
He led her to the grand piano,
And now on him, now on the music glancing,
She strum'd the lively Morgiana.
They would have thought who heard the strain,
Cramer himself aerial notes was playing,
Except when gazing to relieve her pain,
Her eyes on Pole, lingering too long remain,
Her sympathizing digits much delaying;

While W——y nodding, with his head keeps
time,
Like Bacchus on the Victory's prop sublime!
Rising and sinking with the boisterous main!

Oh! Hymen, to thy sacred fane
Why looks the virtuous youth in vain;
Why share thy once propitious sway,
With him whom none but wretched fools obey;
And close thy gates against the virtuous few,
Whose wealth is scanty, as their hearts are true?
Resume, propitious deity, thy sway:
On virtue shed thy mild benignant ray;
Thy salutary influence impart,
To sooth the passions, and to mend the heart;
Appear in form as radiant and sublime,
As in our fathers' elder time:
Another race of worshippers create,
And justify the tales thy aged sons relate!

AN OFFICIAL DELINQUENT.

To investigate the private characters of every individual, whom they may select to fill the subordinate departments of office, is a task which the leaders of the state will shrink from as equally invidious and unnecessary. The representation of respectable friends, is all that circumspection can usually require, and all that in common cases it is able to obtain; but that an individual labouring under the most obnoxious imputations, and regarded by a large majority of the commercial world with equal distrust and abhorrence, should have been selected as the object of ministerial patronage, not only in spite of the prejudices so generally entertained, but apparently on account of the villanies for which he has been the most notorious, is a circumstance not less afflict-

ing to the lover of his country, than delightful to the pretended patriots, who regard the corruptions of the state with malignant pleasure as the fore runners of universal disaffection.

But the person, whose exploits we are about to record, was not only elected to his present office under circumstances resembling those we have described, but has been retained in his situation, notwithstanding the most frequent and minute representations of his character to the persons under whose immediate superintendence he is placed. To him, therefore, or to his patrons, all future delicacy would be superfluous; and having already performed our duty to the ministers, it only remains to justify our conduct to the public.

About the year 1774, there was resident on St. Dunstan's-hill, Tower-street, a person named Lowndes, a box-maker, whose son, a pupil at the Blue-coat school, was one of those appointed to draw the lottery; which at that time consisted of sixty thousand tickets, and occupied forty days in drawing. The person in office to whom we allude, in conjunction with the father of the boy, devoted some weeks to instruct him in the art of concealing tickets beneath his sleeve. Having thus succeeded in obtaining a particular number from the wheel, the stitches with which it was sewed, were cut open, the number seen, and the ticket sewed up again, and retained in the possession of the two confederates. They effected insurances at all the lottery offices, which at that time were innumerable, paying a trifling premium to receive a large and disproportionate sum, provided the ticket specified should be drawn on a given and distant day. Wagers also were made to a considerable amount, and every other mode adopted that was likely to render their villainy productive. The day appointed came, the hour arrived at which the Blue-coat-boy relieved his companion, and the identical ticket (concealed in the sleeve of his coat) was drawn, and proclaimed. At night Messrs. L. and —— went round to collect their wagers

and insurances; but the lottery-office keepers had taken the alarm: they saw too plainly that what had occurred could not be the effect of chance; and Mr. Golightly went to Whitehall, where the government lottery office was then kept, and examined the ticket, which appeared to have in it double the usual number of *needle holes*, a circumstance occasioned by its being restitched, after they had ascertained its number. As soon as the discovery was published, the cornfactor with whom Mr. —— was clerk, dismissed him, the box-maker fled, and the boy was turned out of the Blue-coat school; but as insurance was then, as it is now, illegal, no prosecution took place. Mr.—— now became informer, and for some time subsisted by the exercise of that honorable profession. About the 1784, the celebrated Molesworth, a lottery calculator, possessed of much commercial *ingenuity*, and transacting business under the fictitious cognomen of Shergold, invented various plans for selling lottery chances, and Mr.—— was bribed with hush-money to a considerable amount. The success of Molesworth induced a Jew named Pope, calling himself *Margray*, to try his success in similar projects; and by exceeding his rival in pecuniary donations, he secured the silence of our hero, and obtained his services. By information, and a convenient pliability, with regard to the form and nature of an oath he effected the ruin of Shergold* who was committed to Bridewell. In this extremity he had again recourse to his quondam friend, and the immediate cause of his distress: by paying one guinea for every ten shillings paid by Pope, he regained his services, and applied them to so effectual a purpose, that a month had scarcely expired before Pope was reduced to the same situation with himself. His election to the office he now retains, shortly after the committal of Shergold, can only be accounted for, by supposing that government conceived him to be *peculiarly* versed in all the rogueries of insurance. For many years he obtained a considerable livelihood, by mak-

* Alias Molesworth.

ing all those who did illegal business, take a licence from himself as well as from the Stamp office. To avoid the accusation of bribery, however, at the time of receiving the expected *douceurs,* he gave in return a note of hand; well knowing that those who had advanced the money durst not sue him, so long as they continued their illegal practices. But there was no end to his rapacity: habits of the most profligate extravagance, the necessities of a numerous family, and the claims both for amorous and commercial purposes of the females whom he employed to give evidence in cases of illegal insurance, &c. all contributed to render his demands as frequent as they were exorbitant. At length his career was partly checked by the procedure of his former employer and his subsequent victim, Mr. Pope, who commenced an action against him on one of his notes of hand, which —— was too prudent to defend. His forbearance, however, was nearly fatal to his depredatory schemes, as they shewed that his future demands might be resisted with impunity. Since that period his attention has been directed to the acquisition of hush-money from the proprietors of little goes; but he is not less adventurous than at any former period of his official career; and by various artifices, some of which we shall detail as soon as is consistent with prudence, he is enabled to obtain a handsome income, independent of his regulated salary, from the fears of all who deal in stamps, or who have any illegal connection with the lotteries. He was employed to marshal the evidence against Thelwall, Horne Tooke, &c. and has on many occasions been a useful instrument of ministerial vengeance. He is by birth a Portuguese, and bears in his countenance the perfect expression of his soul:

> "Green, dark, and rotten is the mouldering *bark,*
> The kindred offspring of its parent *Wood.*"

It is surely possible to obtain the services of informers without elevating one of their fraternity to a situation of official responsibility, and subjecting every subordinate

individual in the office to the contagion of dishonesty The restriction of the lottery drawing to a single day has rendered those services, for his expertness in which he was first elected, totally unnecessary; and his various acts of fraud and peculation would effectually justify his dismissal from the ——— ship. It remains, therefore, to be determined whether this public exposition of his character will be regarded as more worthy of ministerial attention, than the private representations of the most respectable merchants of the city. They cannot mistake his personal identity, and if he continues in his present situation, he must be indebted for his good fortune to the *fears* of his patrons.

THE LITERATURE OF THE WHIPS.

Sir,

I am commissioned by this honorable society to make an appeal about their virtue, honor, and so forth; moreover relating to some aspersions against them, besides all the unpleasant things that are talked over about us, and particularly about our characters, as every one knows that reputation's reputation, character being valuable in this world, and a good name is what ca'nt be got back, when once lost, any more than a ——, or a man's own hair after he has begun to sport a wig; so I'm sure that you will see the propriety, &c. of due satisfaction in a public way, as we are all great men, and are well known about Portman-square, and don't like to be laughed at; and you may perhaps get a good fat milling, if you do not learn a little discretion, and intellect, and a great many other magnanimities, which you have not the least notion of, any more than my whip; just as if we cared any thing about scourges, or lashes, without it was lashing one's tits, to be sure, which the poor things don't like, it being

cruel to flesh them, any more than you have a right to wound my feelings, or my friend Martin's, or any one of our honourable body. But brevity is the thing, after all; and as I am d——d savage when people won't stick to the point, I will tell you my meaning in two words, which is more than is ever done by your rigmarole preachers, who talk about virtue, and all those kind of things as long as one might drive at a clean cream-coloured pace down to Newmarket and back again. Why, Lord! people don't like long, boring palavers; I know it can't be--- why didn't old B—— when he was of our regiment prose away at mess, till we all wish'd him at the devil: and isn't there G—— when he gets hold of you, does'nt he tell one long stories as long as my arm? why to be sure he does: and isn't it all downright convexity? why every body knows it; so I'll say no more about the matter.

Well, Sir, our worthy B——, not knowing much of composition and all that, desired me to write circulars to all our sporting friends, about the scandalous, lying, and so-forth things that you have given out to public gaze: so I sat down, and wrote this enclosed epistle, without looking, as I will swear before any magistrate in London, at any dictionary, or grammar; except, indeed, a slight peep or two at Mr. Lowth, and one Johnson, a great huge Bible-looking affair.

Gentlemen,

This honourable society being resolved to take into their profound meditation, several letters of this honorable society in a work called the SCOURGE, which were never written by this honorable society, and determined on defending their characters with their last drops of blood, I was requested by you know who just to scribble a line or two for him.

I remain, gentlemen,

With the highest respect,

Your esteemed friend.

I am sure that I shall never forget our meeting. We

were all quite up, as glad as my off-horse to see one another. So the president after drinking our healths with three times three, was twice encored in a very good speech, which opened our transactions, and when he had finished, up starts that great man Lord ---; and said exactly as follows, for he kindly lent me the lining of his hat to copy it from. "So, gentlemen, we are come to a glorious *rencontre*, in being thus *guarded* by a pitiful satyre, who has no comprehensible idea of *us* or of any other intellectible properties. We have no deficiency, gentlemen, in spirit, or really I should begin to precipitate that our inertness proceeded from temerity. But the minimy of loquaciousness is best: so I will, gentlemen, with your permission, redeem my seat."*

Little ——, my particular friend, next distinguished himself by speaking something like what follows.

"I protest, Mr. President, I would rather have mortgaged my whole estate, than that any thing so excessively unpleasant should have occurred. It is really warm, Mr. President---I am sure that you will permit me to throw aside my superior covering. Thank you, my Lord! Gentlemen, I shall not detain you long, as the stove is so oppressive. It is my firm opinion that the person who betrays our little affairs, whether it be, (a dip in your Maccabau, Mr. President, if you please,) whether it be, I say, one of ourselves, or some unknown bystander, he should, I think, be treated with the utmost energy by the members, individual and collective. For my own part I shall, I am sure, with great pleasure subscribe my guinea towards the engagement of any menial individual, capable of exercising his whip effectually, without sub-

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* *Qu.* Is this the same gentleman, who on being asked by the moderators at Cambridge, for a definition of the word *motive*, replied, A man may be said to be *acted* (actuated) by a motive, who acknowledges the invention (intervention) of a superior palsy (impulse)? One of his sporting brethren informed them, on being asked a few questions in astronomy, that Ory-on (Orion) was in *Boots* (Böotes.)

jecting us to legal proceedings, of which I have the most sensitive detestation. I am seriously inclined to believe that the most energetic measures should be pursued. Pray, my lord, how is your sweet little cherub, and how does her ladyship approve of the little token! This is a most important question, gentlemen! Mr. H.'s new collar is very interesting I declare. Pray be seated. Mr. President, Having so fully and I hope so explicitly avowed my sentiments, permit me to return my best thanks for the attention with which you have honoured me, and to give place to a more able and more worthy speaker.

Sir G——— ——— was the next. Gentlemen, he exclaimed; Gentlemen,---you will perhaps suppose me to be in a hell of a passion, at what that d—— person of a Scourge has said about my education, and my virtue, and my dissipation, and my tits; but don't suppose that I care any thing about satires and Scourges, and literature! d—— me if I do---No! no! gentlemen! curse me if I a'nt as cool as a cucumber; and bl--- me if any-body dares say otherwise; devil take me if I don't thrash him as long as I can stand over him. Why, gentlemen, a'nt I a gentleman every inch of me; and ha'nt I beheaded the enemies of my country; and did'nt I learn at Cambridge philosophy, and mathematics, and declamations,and every thing else; and did'nt I buy them of *Maps*, and a'nt they my own, and don't I know how to chop logic, and all that? Why I can write a love letter with the best of them; and if I ben't quite so ready at Greek, and all that, why I can talk ——— and mind my tits, and drink my wine, and be a jolly fellow, and that is more than they can do, let me tell you. Why wasn't Bacchus a great man, and wasn't he a god, and didn't those great men the Romans worship him, and han't our friend told us about a Phæton, and Ovid, and Jerry Bohum and the Sun, and an't we much better than they were, considering that we are all christians, which every one knows is much better than being a papist, or a trinity, or any of those things. ——Sir G——'s facenowbegan to look red, so we advised him to sit down, and leave us to finish the affair.

Mr. Tag, the poet, now came forward, and offered us his services, to draw up the resolutions---which we all admired, and think that for style, and every thing of that sort they can't be beat.*

Yours,
A WHIP.

TO CHARLES BRANDLING, Esq. M. P.

SIR,

PLACED, as you are, in a situation, peculiarly favorable to the correction of those abuses that I am about to develope. and implying, in a considerable degree, the performance of those duties, which have ultimately devolved on those public spirited and independent individuals, whose labours I am about to commemorate, I shall make no apology for selecting you as the object of the present address. Quiescent on every subject of importance to your constituents, concurring in every measure pursued by that corporation of which you are a member, however unjust or oppressive it might prove to those numerous individuals of whom you are the nominal representative; inattentive to the parliamentary interests of your constituents, and regardless of their local causes of complaint; it would ill become me to weaken the force of my observations by any sentiment of affected delicacy towards your private or public character. Your birth, your education, and your influence, all conspire to render you the most important member of the honourable fraternity whose proceedings it is my present duty to detail; and to recal you to a sense of what is due to yourself and your constituents, would be to effect an important change in the morals and situation of your friends and parasites.

But it must not be concealed, that in thus selecting you as the object of my present address, I have an object in view more immediate, at least, if not more important than

* The resolutions, &c. in our next number.

the correction of our corporate abuses and the obtention of effectual justice to the freemen and inhabitants of this wealthy town. I am not without hope, that your constituents may be enabled, by the subsequent exposition, to determine how far you are worthy of their present confidence or their future approbation: remembering your silence respecting circumstances so important, so singular, and so evidently within the sphere of personal inspection, they may probably resolve, when an opportunity shall again occur, of expressing their feelings and opinions, to select as their representatives, men who either have already proved that they are not unmindful of their interests, or who have not testified, by the uniform tenor of their conduct, a decided hostility to reasonable and respectful complaint. A wealthy and numerous body of electors are surely above the pecuniary influence of a Brandling or a Ridley; and the independence of the rich will be some ground of confidence to the resentment of the poor.

The corporation of Newcastle had been so frequently exposed to attack, respecting the validity of their charter, that it would not have been absurd to anticipate some degree of propriety and prudence in the exercise of the privileges it conveyed, and the employment of the sums of which it secured the possession: but when the independent freemen proceeded to demand a statement of their revenues, and an account of their expenditure, they at first regarded all such appeals with obstinate contempt: when the language of the burgesses became too strong to remain unnoticed, they treated the advocates of justice with repulsive and arbitrary violence; and now that the facts which these gentlemen endeavoured to substantiate, have been proved beyond the possibility of evasion, they have seized with eagerness on the first and the only opportunity of gratifying their revenge, on the individual whose property and influence have chiefly contributed to their detection. It is too notorious to be disputed that whatever cause of just complaint Mr. Clayton may have possessed, his prosecution of Major Anderson was

promoted for party purposes, and urged and supported by the united influence of the corporation: fortunately for Mr. J. Clarke, his discretion has been equal to his activity, and he has hitherto refrained from any act, that under the pretence of individual injury, could be converted into a pretext of collective persecution.

To the ministers themselves, and to all who are interested in the state of our representation, or in the general welfare of the country, the following statement will possess more than usual interest. It is to be feared that there are many Newcastles throughout the empire; and I have the most cogent reasons for believing that the present exposition will be the forerunner of similar discoveries in many other corporate towns. But to enter more immediately on the subject. The revenues of the free burgesses of Newcastle upon Tyne, arising from royal grants, conferred on our ancestors for gallantly defending the boundaries of the kingdom against the incursions of the Scots, have been, for the last three years, viz.

1809.---36,501l. 6s. 2d.
1810.---39,846l. 7s. 3¾d. !!!
1811.---36,445l. 8s. 3d.

And taking the average of these three years, the annual revenue will amount to 37,264l. 9s. 6¼d. We will take that avarage therefore for the last twenty years; though it should not be forgotten that in 1804 the corporation lost, by an ill-conducted lawsuit with Sir William Leighton, one of the aldermen of London, about 6000l. per annum, a sum which I do not include in the preceding estimate. The whole amount therefore of monies received for the last twenty years is no less than 745,288l. 11s. 3d.; added to which the corporation were indebted by their own acknowledgment (in 1810) 96,318l. 9s. making a *total* of 841,607l. 0s. 3d. Now admitting that the corporation have made not only the most liberal but the most extravagant allowance to their chief magistrate and his subordinate officers, it might surely be expected

that out of this immense revenue either a considerable sum should be devoted to continued accumulation, or expended according to the obligations of the charter and the demands of justice, in contributing to the comfort, the pleasure, and the accommodation of the inhabitants of Newcastle.

To this application of their revenues however they have the most invincible and the most natural objection. Many members of the corporation have wives and families: a few hundreds obtained from the public chest "*can injure no one*," and it is of no use to be better than one's neighbours. In addition therefore to the sums diverted in former years to the private purposes of certain individuals, after their arrival at the treasury of the corporation, enormous emoluments have been obtained by several of its members from the connivance of their brethren. The most valuable property has been retained in their possession for many years at only a nominal rent; and even the arrears of such accommodating bargains have been suffered to accumulate. The premises of Mr. C——n, at the *Ballast hills*, valued by a moderate estimate, at 300l. per annum, were let to that gentleman for 3l. 10s. per annum, and even this rent had remained unpaid for the last twenty years. One person lets back to the corporation a part of his ground for four times the sum that he pays them for the whole premises; and your worthy coadjutor Sir Matthew White Ridley has been left so long in the possession of his leaseholds, without any demand for their renewal, that the boundaries between his property and that of the corporation cannot be determined: so that in addition to the pecuniary advantages he must have derived from obtaining them at inadequate rents, from the non-payment of arrears,&c. he has in all probability added to the extent of his estates, by encroachments (whether voluntary or not I have no right to enquire) on the property of the public.

After suffering, in this manner,several thousands annually to fill the pockets of favored individuals instead of

benefiting the community, it might have been expected that the officers of the corporation would be careful at least to expend the sums that they actually received in contributing to the beauty of the town, and the convenience of its inhabitants. But of the 844,000l. that have been committed to their management, no traces can be discovered. Newcastle has been for many years the dirtiest town in the kingdom: all the nuisances that formerly rendered Edinburgh the object of disgust, and the theme of reprobation, are practiced in the chief town of Northumberland at all hours and with the most perfect impunity: every modern structure that adorns its streets, or contributes to its comfort and to the extension of its trade, has been erected by the enterprizing spirit of individuals, or by the collective exertions of persons independent of the corporation. Two thirds of the bridge have been paid for by a very heavy toll, and the rest by the bishop of Durham; the assembly rooms were built by the county: two hundred pounds only being drawn from the town chest, though no erection could be of more service to Newcastle, as by becoming the focus of intercourse to the county families, they were the occasion of a large expenditure.

The church of All Saints, which though better adapted for a theatre than a church, is certainly an elegant building, was erected at the expense of the parish. As for the new Court house, they have not only refrained from any pecuniary contribution towards its completion, but the county has been obliged to gain access to its scite by a narrow and dirty avenue, lest they should trespass on the property of the town.

The public charities are deplorably neglected: a public spirited individual, to whom the chief merit of bringing the corporation to account must be principally ascribed, asserts that on his visits to the Freeman's hospital, he found its inmates dying of cold and hunger; the Free-school is only a sad memento of former times; the Library is neglected, and every other institution is in a state of

ruin or decay. Even the projected canal from Newcastle to the Irish sea, has been denied the support of the corporation; and the literary society, established not only for the diffusion of general literature, but for cultivating a knowledge of the mines, manufactures, and natural productions of the county, is studiously discouraged, partly because it is in some measure independent of their power, and partly because its secretary is not a member of the church of England.

The mode of keeping the corporate accounts, or the form in which they are published, is disgraceful to the individuals, to whose inspection they are submitted, and to the public whose just curiosity they are intended to satisfy. For 'building committees disbursements,' we are charged in the accounts of last year, 5852l. 5s. 8d. but in what these disbursements consist, they have not chosen to inform us. Under the head of sundry *contingent* disbursements, and tradesmen's bills, we are presented with a charge of 6215l. 2s. 5d. without any means pointed out by which we can ascertain either the actual payment of such a sum, or for what purposes it was expended. Such a statement is, in fact, a most impudent mockery of justice; and can only be paralleled in that period of our history, when his majesty's *item* of five millions, was received as a satisfactory account of our expenditure. It is impossible to refrain from the indulgence of risible emotions on observing that out of 36,450l., 447l. are announced with great pomposity to have been expended on the hospitals; and that until the discoveries of Major Anderson, several items were placed opposite the names of annuitants, who had long since left this sublunary scene.

Much of the inveteracy with which Major Anderson has been pursued, was owing to the suspicion, that his endeavours to bring the corporation to account, were made with no other view, than to obtain a popularity, which on a dissolution of parliament might enable him more effectually to contend with you and your colleague for

the representation of your native town. Whether this design was seriously entertained by Major Anderson, or not, I am not enabled to determine; but it would have done no discredit to his understanding or his principles: to have given the most substantial proofs of independence and intrepidity, is a just claim on the approbation of the burgesses, and a rational ground of self-congratulation to himself. If in the prosecution of his object, he has been occasionally hurried to warmth of expression, or of action, it ought to be remembered, that indiscretion is more pardonable than servility to the meanest of mankind and connivance in the most dishonorable practices; and that the major could not have rendered himself popular by the *correction of abuses*, had there been no *abuses to correct!*

I remain, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

QUONDAM.

THE ADULTRESS; OR, REFLECTIONS ON A LATE INSTANCE OF FASHIONABLE INFIDELITY.

THE late discovery in high life is well calculated to excite a train of mournful reflections in every individual of rank or refinement, whose perceptions have not been vitiated by the continual contact of corruption, or who has not yet so deliberately forgotten what is due to his Creator and himself as to sacrifice every nobler feeling of his nature to the pursuit of notoriety. With a countenance that glowed with the bloom of health, and sparkled with the mingled expression of virtue and intelligence; a form of the most exquisite symmetry, deriving additional charms from the graceful lightness of its proportions; a demeanor not less distinguished by frank-

ness than modesty; a heart susceptible of the most exquisite emotions, and an understanding originally fertile, cultivated with unusual care, and developed under the most propitious auspices; who could have conceived the degradation of a woman like Lady ——, without dismissing with indignation the momentary anticipation from his thoughts? or express his conviction of her infidelity, without abjuring his faith in the existence of female virtue, and his confidence in the fidelity of a female's attachment, by whatever barriers the approaches to her chastity may be secured, or under whatever form of loveliness she may enslave the soul, and captivate the eye.

Yet the indiscretion of Lady —— may be accounted for on principles that preclude every emotion of rational surprize, and deprive the great world of the right to censure, as they withhold from her husband any power of complaint. To the laxity of fashionable morals, occasioned by the facilities of introduction to females of abandoned character and profligate manners, the misfortunes of Sir —— H. may be ascribed, without any inclination to palliate the conduct of the unfortunate female at the expence of her superiors. Where prostitutes are the idols of every society, and the objects of universal adulation; when the matron is eclipsed and outrivalled by the mistress; what are the rewards of conjugal fidelity?

The conduct of women is not influenced by abstract principles, and by the remembrance of legal and conventional distinctions, but by the continually operating example of the society in which they move, and by those habits which education has rendered almost instinctive, and which were originally formed without any immediate reference to positive precept. The position that adultery is more infamous in the wife than the husband, because by a dereliction of her conjugal fidelity she may become the mother of a spurious offspring, may be very convenient to the lawyer, and very satisfactory to the abstract moralist; but such an argument in favour of matrimonial

chastity obtains no influence over the female mind. If no habitual feelings of self-respect will preserve the matron from the approaches of adulterous love, it will be vain to call to her remembrance the guilt of producing an illegitimate issue. Should she be restrained by such a consideration from the commission of actual crime, what would be the value of her fidelity? Though her body might remain unviolated, what mode of discipline would restore her to her original purity, or cleanse the pollution of her mind? It is better to be the object of public sarcasm, and to know the extent of his domestic calamity, than that the unfortunate individual should remain for years the dupe of pretended affection, and the slave of hypocritical allurement.

That among the middle classes, therefore, the violation of the marriage vow on the part of the female should be visited with merited disgrace, while the frailty of the husband is regarded with comparative indulgence, must not be ascribed to the impression that infidelity of the wife is more dangerous to personal property, and more likely to vitiate the laws of inheritance, but to the persuasion that an adultress must have surmounted many obstacles and sacrificed many of the best feelings of her nature, to the gratification of her libidinous desires. In the male sex continence is scarcely considered as a virtue; even after marriage they are exposed to the strongest and most repeated temptations; and to fortify their resistance, there remain only the restraints of duty and affection. But the adultress must have surmounted these restraints and many more: she must have thrown aside the native habits of the female character; all the delicacy of her sex, and all the feelings that education has cherished or instilled. She must have sinned in defiance of shame and in the society of virtue: reminded by the presence of every female companion who surrounded her of the enormity of her crime; fortified against the delusions of licentious passion by the silent admonition of daily intercourse.

In the middle classes, therefore, the husband, whatever may be his own frailties, has a right to complain of the infidelity of his wife; and her former associates may, without any imputation on their benevolence or consistency, withdraw their countenance, and revolt from her society. But in the higher ranks, if the injured individual be guilty of incontinence, or unable to contribute to the happiness of the marriage state, to resent the infidelity of his wife would be unjust and cruel in himself, as to discountenance her would be mean and hypocritical in her former associates. A fashionable husband has no other security for the fidelity of his wife, nor any other ground of confidence in her virtue, than personal preference. She must be faithful to him, not because she is afraid of man, or is ashamed of adulterous intercourse, but because she loves him better than any other individual. She is educated in no principles of religion; she sees the adultress caressed in every circle that she honors with her presence; she cannot but observe that the offspring of an acknowledged prostitute is received with the most courteous welcome, by the great, the wealthy, and the eminent; and who but a driveller or a hypocrite would expect that she should retain her fidelity any longer than is perfectly accordant with her wishes and convenience?

It is evident, therefore, that in the fashionable world the wife and the husband are precisely in the same situation. They are educated with the same notions of sexual purity; they are taught to place an equal value on chastity of temperament and decency of manners; and they both enter into the nuptial contract with the same feelings, and from the same motives. If, therefore, the lady forms an attachment to the footman, she has precisely the same right to pursue her inclinations, as if the husband were to be captivated by the charms of the nursery-maid: considered with reference to the customs of exalted society, the cases are precisely parallel, and Sir H. was no better justified in lacerating the unfortunate knight of the shoulder-knot, than Lady —— would have

been, had she chosen after every discovery of her husband's weakness to flay the object of his nursery amours.

We find accordingly that in the families of our most eminent nobility, the principle of reciprocity is openly acknowledged. Lord A. condescends to witness the amours of his wife, and her ladyship becomes in return the sponsor of his illegitimate children. The deceased "worthy" of opposition, cohabited alternately, and under the same roof, with the late duchess and the present dowager. The legitimate and the spurious issue were educated in the same nursery, and the duchess was rewarded for her indulgence, by full permission to sleep with the man of the people as often as might be convenient or desirable. Mr. and Mrs. A. their footman and cook-maid, perform every morning a quartetto---Col. and Mrs. M. drive to Chandos-street in their own carriage; solace themselves for a few hours with their respective partners, and sympathize on their return homewards, in the disclosures of each other; and a register office in full business, till lately, at the west end of the town, was established under the superintendence of a female of rank, for the sole purpose of providing her beloved lord with convenient attendants on *her* person.

It is not impossible that a young girl of rank may be taught by her nurse, or possibly by her mama, some of the common-place maxims of conduct; but as soon as she is ushered into life, every scene that she is doomed to witness contributes to the corruption of her principles, and the depravation of her habits. Suppose that her mother or her governess, alarmed by some indications of *vitality*, pours forth a lecture on decency and virtue: the lecture is finished, and she hastens to the drawing-room. Among the favorite companions of her mama, and the most conspicuous ornaments of the circle, are the Duchess of D. Lady F. Miss Fitz C——, and the ladies T——. It now occurs to her observation, that for many years the first of these females was at once the procuress and the p——e of a deceased nobleman, that

the second has long been notorious for profligate intrigue, that the third is the issue of an illegitimate connection, and that the fourth have continued for the last two years to glory in the remembrance of their incestuous intercourse. Yet she cannot be unconscious that the dowager is one of the most brilliant stars in the hemisphere of fashion, that Lady —— has easy and welcome access to every circle, however select, and every mansion however circumspect its owner; that Miss F—— is received with homage as sincere though not so profound as the heiress apparent to the crown, and that the sisters are the intimate confidents of the wives and sisters of our ministers of state. She trusts to the evidence of her senses, and forgets the lessons of her nurse and the exhortations of her governess.

If adultery in general, therefore, be among the higher classes so venial and so natural a crime, still less ought its commission by the present delinquent to be visited by her equals with any severity of censure. Worn out in the pursuit of licentious pleasures; a victim to the infirmities of age, before he had attained the maturity of manhood; her husband could not seal the nuptial contract under any other impression than that of immediate disappointment and protracted unhappiness. His body exhausted by disease, and his feelings blunted by the continual attrition of vicious excitement, he could not have the folly to believe that a young and lovely woman would resign herself to the arms of native deformity and personal impotence, with any other determination than to exercise the privileges that usually attach to fashionable wedlock. Her selection of a menial to become the partner of his bed, was probably occasioned by her experience, in the person of her husband, how little the external demeanour of a gentleman accorded in certain cases with the qualifications of a lover.

But it is asserted that if the lady be forgiven, the infidelity of the servant cannot be excused. But even he might appeal for apology to the example of his master,

and to the habits of polished society.—He may ask, in his own defence, whether to yield under every possible circumstance of temptation to the allurements of his mistress, be more reprehensible, than under the sacred name of friend, to tempt the virtue of a wife, without any inclination to gratify any other passion than the love of notoriety; whether to seduce the daughters of his tenants be more virtuous or meritorious, in the master, than to yield to the blandishments of a profligate but captivating female, in the servant. Yet exploits like these are not only the topics of table conversation, but the themes of facetious remark, and the necessary preliminaries to the reputation of a man of spirit. Every circumstance conspired to palliate the misconduct of the menial paramour: that he should be flattered by the attentions of his mistress was natural: seduction in the form of beauty and beneath the garb of rank, would excite his passions with tenfold power: he must have been an ideot not to perceive the advantages to be derived from her patronage, and more virtuous than the majority of his fellow creatures to prefer his duty to his interest. Profligate as the English people are become, they surely have not learned to estimate the criminality of an individual by the amount of his rent-roll, or the gradation of his title: it is to be hoped that vice continues to be vice, whether it be committed by the master or the servant; and that frailty in a porter is not regarded as more infamous than deliberate and desperate villainy in a baronet.

When Sir ——— became a party to the flagellation of his servant, is it possible that he had no compunctious visitings of conscience; can it be believed that he punished the delinquency of an unfortunate menial, without remembering how often he had violated the confidence of friendship; without recalling to his mind the judicial evidence by which he was convicted of a calm, deliberate, and persevering system of seduction; without being paralyzed by the remembrance of the pathetic and animated charge in which the presiding judge expressed, on that

memorable occasion, his abhorrence of his character, his pity for the deluded victim of his adulterous artifices, and his compassion for the unsuspecting husband, whose hospitality he had rewarded by the destruction of his domestic peace? Or, when he committed his lady to the guidance of fortune, and invited a professional friend to become the witness of her frailty, could he forbear to enumerate the unhappy beings to whom he has been the occasion of similar disgrace; whose prospects of future happiness were blighted by his approach, and whom he seduced from the paths of peace and virtue, to walk in the ways of infamy: condemned to sustain the privation of every comfort, abandoned by society because to their female frailties was superadded the crime of poverty, and left by their seducer to linger out the remnants of existence in unpitied and hopeless destitution?

When prostitutes shall be excluded from the mansions of the great, and from association with the wives and daughters of the noble and the eminent; when the illegitimate offspring of a prince shall be placed on a level with the bastards of other exalted characters; when sexual purity shall be considered as a virtue, and innocence be regarded with the admiration that is at present the usual tribute to profligate effrontery—then, and not till then, it will be consistent and becoming for Sir —— and those who compassionate him, to complain of the infidelity of their wives, and inflict corporal or legal punishment on the detected adulterer. But the ravings of delirious wickedness, the exclamations of anguish that are wrung from the profligate, when he becomes a sacrifice to his own maxims, and the object of deserved retribution, excite no sympathy. From the libidinous and profligate hypocrites, who exist only in the presence of the great; from all who shrink from the name, while they indulge in the practice of vice; who condemn adultery, yet court the adulterous, they may obtain a momentary pause of formal attention; but by the virtuous and the rational; by all those who own the existence of a superior

power, and conform their conduct to his will, they are received with pity, and dismissed with a mingled feeling of humiliation and gratitude.

From all the cares of vicious greatness free,
Poor though I am, how rich compared to thee!

H. C——E.

JOHN BULL AND THE REHEARSAL.

Sir,

Curiosity is the mania of the English people: they must see and hear, and feel every thing that can be seen, or heard, or felt, without the most imminent danger to their fortunes or their persons. To understand them indeed is a matter of greater difficulty and less immediate moment. John Bull will gape with wonder when he ought to investigate; and is more enchanted by the sight of a phantasmagoria than addicted to the study of optics. --A true Englishman myself, I shall not so far forget my native character as to give you any explanation of the scene that I have just witnessed; to gaze on the enclosed sketch, and to make a Christmas puzzle of the subjoined description, will be an appropriate exercise for the majority of your readers; and if any individuals more inquisitive or more idle than the rest, be inclined to ask me what is the *meaning of these things*, or whether they have any ostensible purpose, I must refer them to the Covent-Garden treasury, or to the monarch of Great Russel-street.

The most conspicuous performer at the rehearsal of this morning was a tame elephant adorned with the trappings of the east, extremely docile, and bearing on his proboscis a kind of kindred monster, a sort of wild man in the woods; with mustachios as brown as his boots, and more luxuriant than the imagination of a modern poet.

Upon his back was mounted a portly gentleman, who not content with his natural elevation, was striving to render himself still more conspicuous by striding over the cross-bars of a kind of throne, composed of *aitches.* A representation of Folly seemed to enjoy with unusual glee the scene before him, while he poured from out of his bag several thousands of those uncommon articles called guineas. The person holding the tambourine was nearly undressed, and had just thrown his mantle and his sock to a care-worn gentleman, who did not seem to be a *young* pretender to reputation as a tragedian. Involved in the proboscis of the elephant the expiring figure of Comedy, who had been gazing with rapture on the page of Congreve, presented an afflicting spectacle. On the right a *cockscomb* in the character of Lothario was mangling the body (for he had always been a stranger to the spirit) of a literary worthy, whose features I should not have remembered had not a punning performer in the robes of King Arthur, exclaimed, half in jest and half in earnest, and with less attention to spelling than pronunciation "Lord, what a Rowe!" Arrayed in the most gaudy plumage, the fellow seemed to be too pleasantly occupied in murdering the ancient favorite of the public, to attend the long train and bushy Petti-Coates of Mrs. Siddons, who moved majestically away though laden with two heavy bags, the produce of her concluding season. Astride a butt, on which was inscribed "Whitbread's *stale*," was seated the Bacchus of modern times, the red-nosed luminary of Drury-lane and St. Stephen's, the immortal author of the School for Scandal. He was busily employed in bartering large quantities of froth in exchange for guineas and bank notes; which were conveyed to him by John Bull with one hand, while with the other he held up a paper on which was inscribed "A guinea a week for native talent." A perch, on the left, was occupied by a tom-tit, which seemed to be quite elated with its situation, notwithstanding the screaming of the stupid and noisy bird that had obtained a place by its side. In the back ground of the prince's side, a

sculpture representing Indecency unveiling Nature, held a conspicuous and appropriate place. On casting my eyes towards the foot of the stage, I was much amused by the tricks of a thorough-bred spaniel, who fawned upon the Baron with the most docile assiduity, and whose supplicatory looks towards Mr. K. himself bore a mingled expression of gratitude and expectation. It was evident, however, from his mode of action, that this was a very clever dog. In one corner of the stage, the insignia of tragedy were thrown aside, ready to be swept away at the conclusion of the rehearsal. The bust of Shakespeare and the volumes of our ancient dramatists were trampled under the feet of the elephant; and every object that met my observation, seemed to announce the triumph of *spectacle*, over truth, and nature, and refinement.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant.

OBSERVATOR.

ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

I HAVE, indeed, a kind of presentiment—— a strong foreboding, that my humble petition will, I fear, be rejected. Mercy on us! what a yelp? From their be-wigg'd and bewhiskered majesties of clubs and spades, down to that beggar's cub the deuce of diamonds, the whole pack are in full cry.

> " ——————The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me."

Well, be it so, I am resolved to bear it all with equa-

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* We insert this article for the general justice of its remarks, without pledging ourselves to acquiescence in all the opinions of our correspondent.

nimity of temper. Clerical reformation is the point I steer to. I view it as a speck in the horizon; there were formerly some excellently accurate charts of the tacks in this latitude; but they are, long since, gone up the chimney. Fully aware the weather-gage is against me, that the lee-way I shall have to make up is enormous; nevertheless, having stowed my sea-stock, consisting merely of common sense and common honesty aboard, I brave the stormy passage, not in the least fearing, ultimately to bring out a clear reckoning, and point out clearly, unequivocally and demonstrably to the meanest capacity existing, "that the clergy of the established church of England amply possess the power, and are incontestibly competent to the means of SAVING THEIR COUNTRY." It is a trite observation, that when things are at the worst, they will mend of themselves; but this is so far from being generally applicable, that it is next to a miracle if ever it should chance to be true: and there are many more things besides women and parsons, that cannot have a touch of the check-rein too soon; therefore the odds are decidedly against procrastination.

In order to make out my assertion, as to the competency of the clergy to achieve the grand object now the subject of discussion before us, let us view them in their spiritual capacity only: all other light is deceptive, every other shade is illusive; this is the only true angle of vision. They profess to be moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon them the ministry; their avocations are purely ecclesiastical; and fatal was the hour, when misled by the meteor ambition on the one hand, and the indolence of the laity on the other, they were allured from the humble, the direct path of the gospel, into the devious, intricately aspiring labyrinths of the law: the exchange between the Testament of Jesus Christ and the statutes at large, was, I greatly fear, far below par on the side of christianity. The office of the clergy is evidently adapted to promote the welfare of human nature, and to propagate its peace and pros-

perity in this world, as well as its eternal felicity in the next; to assuage the rancorous ebullitions of malignity, and hush contending passions into calm; to cherish the seeds of piety towards God, and benevolence towards our fellow-creatures; to view the failings of erring nature, and by gentle admonition strive to recal the transient wanderer to duty. Their Master when tempted to interfere in a temporal concernment, sharply rebuked the perhaps insidious appellant, by saying, "Man, who made me a judge and a ruler over you?" In that single sentence volumes are comprised. The general local situation of the clergy places them in an eminently conspicuous point of view: they are in possession of a skilfully cultivated field of emolument, and have sonorously gratifying titles of distinction, to all of which they are most heartily welcome: not any reasonable man would wish to abridge them of the minutest particle thereof, subject, nevertheless, to one proviso, namely, the performance of their duty as clergymen. It is said, "thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadest out the corn"---certainly not—but the non-muzzling clause is only applicable to the ox that works. "The labourer is worthy of his hire"—doubtless he is so--but is there not, in the very mode of expression, an implication, that to be competent to such receipt, he must supply his equivalent of labour, and that too in a workmanlike style? It is not to be esteemed one of the least of their privileges, that they have the spiritual guidance and control of our fears, and are, or might be, admitted to participate in our hopes and most serious expectations, our revered companions in health, the consolatory vehicles of kindness in sickness. They educate youth, have the power of influencing maturity and governing dotage; by confining themselves, therefore, to their spiritual avocations, what wonders might they not accomplish? What a revolution in manner, in sentiment, in every thing that is praiseworthy might they effect?

More than seventy years have now elapsed since

George Whitfield first broached the doctrine of methodism; few and feeble, indeed, for some time were his adherents: with what perfect ease might the truly ominous brat have been strangled in the birth? If, instead of that over-weaning confidence--that lofty air of superiority---that supercilious contempt of the pigmy of the desart, they had condescended to use the same weapon as their antagonist, the soil would have been complete. But, as if one false step were not sufficient, the acquisition of temporal power was resorted to, as a kind of counterbalance to what was lost in real estimation. Dominion, dominion, was the cry; the absurdities already produced from which are to glaring, not to be observed by the most wilfully purblind: its fertile womb is still teeming with or bringing forth new monsters: and what other issue can be expected from so unnatural a commerce as that of christian priesthood and worldly power?

To this we are beholden for the swarms of fanatics which now infest even the remotest corners of the realm, from the sequestered hamlet to the mitred vicinity; situations, some years back deemed the most improbable; connexions the most far-fetched, all are involved in the tide of sectarism. Remove the CAUSE and the EFFECT will cease. Strike at the root of this noxious, this pestiferous weed that choaks our growth, that paralyzes our every effort, and turns our honey into gall. Even the very best intended of our institutions, the Sunday schools, have by these means, in too many instances, operated as conductors to the ranks of the dissenters. Remove the cause by your own benignity of manner, your unwearied attention, not to the form only, but to the very spirit of your functions. The CHURCH is HOME; and I may safely affirm no one ever quitted it without regret. Can you reclaim the wanderer by menace? Many of ye are fathers, and some, in course, must have wayward children. Do ye spurn them from you for every backsliding? Does the shepherd hunt the stray sheep from the fold? No--I again solemnly repeat it, the CHURCH is HOME!

Open widely the portal of conciliation. By your own rectitude of life defeat the machinations of your opponents: this is the only true road to conquest: here you have it amply in your power to SAVE YOUR COUNTRY. The congregated hostile world can never bow to subjugation concentrated Britons---one soul---one heart---one arm!

> "As well the bold Rutilians may,
> "With hissing brands attempt to burn the sea."

In order to accomplish this great, this most desirable of all other purposes, let the clergy seriously reflect upon their peculiar situation at this awful crisis: it is well known---nay never shy it---it is to a certainty well understood that many are not without the most poignant apprehensions. Let them, instead of attempting to stifle, cherish the friendly monitors; let them retrace their aberrations, and approximate by easy declination to their own orbit; divest themselves of all temporal power, and conform their lives to the doctrines they inculcate: let their discourses be couched in such expressions that the most illiterate of their auditors may clearly comprehend them. Oh shame! shame, to hear, as it is very commonly alledged, that a person's sole reason for secession from the church is the not being able to understand the preacher. Are these the feats of Oxford—these the achievements of Cambridge? Are years to be spent in colleges to render men unintelligible? My fingers itch, my ink blazes; but I have promised to keep my temper. Let any one figure to himself an honest, laborious, but unlettered hind, after discharging his weekly duty of labour for the benefit of his employer and the support of his own family, arrayed in frugal decency, paying his sabbath day's tribute as a christian. He comes, on this day, to hear confirmed the fond hopes that have long buoyed him up under the scorching droughts of summer, and winter's chilling blasts. He firmly believes, "there is another and a better world." View him, with every feature fixed, the

statue of attention. The subject opens plainly, and parallel to his conceptions. See the tint of satisfaction glow through his sun-burnt cheek! He feels himself a man, and though a poor one, hears, "the poor man's toil shall find eternal rest." More he would learn; but lo! at that important juncture, an elegant expression, an admirable flight, escapes the preacher. Quick as the fire of heaven—the electric stroke less rapid—is the effect delineated. Mark, how the sallow shade of disappointment steals down his now relaxing muscles; the lambent spark deserts his wavering eye; he strives to rally, but, alas, in vain! Chaotic mists envelope his ideas, all is internal confusion, the thread is broken, a glance of despondency a little tinctured with indignation, is divided between the *reader* and his be-tinselled puppets, a profound sigh escapes; shaking his head, he seeks his bench overwhelmed in mental agitation. Poor fellow, be not discouraged! That power who scans the language of the honest heart, will never reject its diction for the humility of its garb. Is it not, clearly, the bounden duty of every christian minister to adapt his discourse to the meanest capacity among his auditors? God is no respecter of persons; and although omnipresence is deemed a general attribute of the Deity; yet, an assemblage in the house of prayer is supposed to be more immediately under the eye of the Creator. Did the idea ever strike you? Dare you to think of this? I see an ashy paleness smite your cheek; and where's the wonder?

> "Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
> Be soft as sinews of the new born babe!
> All may be well."

I am ready to admit, parting with the pageantry of power, is a matter of reluctance; yet it is but considering magisterial trappings merely as "lendings." The words of Jesus were, "Man, who made me a judge, and a ruler over you?" Reflect on the immortal honors that await you; rise, rise, superior to every ambitious consideration; one noble effort, and the pang is over. Depend upon it our

political safety or destruction depends solely on yourselves.

Let not numbers appal you; whisper not, no not even in the most secluded recesses of your closet, the portentous, the fate-fraught sentence: it is now too late! No; were they myriads instead of millions, make it but evident you are sincere in your professions, and the agglomeration of nearly a century would, in a few months dissolve, revert to the old channel. I still reiterate the CHURCH is HOME! Shoals upon shoals would quick replenish your deserted aisles. Breathless with speed, and jealousy of his neighbour, each applicant would, in the heart-rending obtestation of the forlorn, the deeply injured, the doubly defrauded Esau, with out-stretched arms, on entrance, pathetically exclaim, "BLESS ME, EVEN ME ALSO, O MY FATHER!"

Loughborough, Dec. 12, 1811.

VERITAS.

THE ART OF RISING IN THE WORLD:

A FRAGMENT.

From L——'s dark shores where drowsy Dulness sleeps,
And palsied Science o'er her offspring weeps,
Where the black tribe of wealthy meanness flocks,
And broods o'er sugars, candles, coals, and stocks;
Where statesmen herd with thieves, and priests with w——s,
The mingled refuse of the Scottish shores;
And heroes drunk, in wild confusion tost,
Stare 'midst the fumes of smoke and brandy lost;
At length relieved, no more obscure I sing,
What dire effects from amorous causes spring;
A nobler theme the lofty strain inspires,
And fills my bosom with a poet's fires!

Divine inspirer of the artful song,
Satire! to thee, the poet's prayers belong;
Assist my verse; and may no cant'ring prose,
Or crippled verse, that hobbles as it goes,
Disgrace my page; let learned Matthias speak
In half-form'd numbers graced by grabbled Greek.
Peace to his shade! I tune no feeble strain,
But teach the young life's towering heights to gain.

Far hence ye few whom gainless virtue charms,
Ye clasp a phantom in your empty arms;
For you nor power nor wealth its glow displays,
No servile crowds exulting sing your praise;
No courtier bows to ask your vote severe;
No beauty deigns your silent suit to hear:
Shunn'd by the great, and hated by the fair,
Your hours glide on in solitary care;
In want's low vale, your humble lives are led,
Unknown you sink amidst the village dead!

But ye whose breasts the nobler passions prove
Of proud ambition, avarice, or love,
Attend my strain, no painful truths I tell,
No canting nonsense quote from smooth Durell:
For you I sing, what potent charm will raise
A virgin's love, or gain a critic's praise,
What soothing strains a prude delights to hear,
What whispered flattery charms a statesman's ear.

Fool that I was, when life and love were young,
No strains but those of artless truth I sung;
As o'er my head the pine's dark shadows wav'd,
And round my feet the murmuring waters lav'd,
Through my warm breast love's sick'ning ardors ran,
And thus the wild and guiltless lay began:
Sweet maid! whose charms inspired the trembling song,
When first I wandered ——'s sweet banks along;

Whose tuneful voice, and beauteous form might
move,
A syren's envy and an angel's love;
Ah! why these soft rebukes? Thy jealous fear,
Lest envious time should shew me insincere.
In vain we strive to act the flatt'rer's part
When love's sly witcheries steal around the heart;
Let those who spoil'd by rank or luxury's pride,
The joys of virtue and of love deride,
With fickle falsehoods, treacherous arts deceive,
While each false vow the simple maids believe;
By heaven I swear, nor time nor space shall part
Thy lov'd remembrance from my faithful heart,
Whether I roam by poverty opprest,
A weary wanderer thro' the world's wide waste,
Or blest by wealth beyond misfortune's power,
Unknown I sink in life's declining hour,
Still shall thy influence guide my devious way,
When wealth or beauty tempts my steps to stray.

Such were the sighs, the whispering zephyr bore,
With playful wing, along the echoing shore;
All nature laughed to hear the simple tale,
And magpies hooted from the neighbouring vale,
——— silvery tide lav'd gently on the strand,
And washed Eliza's praises from the sand.
Vain is the anxious, virtuous lover's care,
No bashful student wins the fickle fair,
No sound so sweet even listening angels hear,
As flattery's music to a virgin's ear.

* * * *

But if ambitious of a noble name,
Thy feet attempt the slippery heights of fame,
Waste not thy hours the paths of truth to tread
No canting scribbler by a duke is read,
While nervous ——— pines in want away,
The restless night and solitary day:
Be thine the task, religion to oppose,
The great thy friends, the good alone thy foes.

What tho' thy lines in lazy languor creep,
And thy bald nonsense lull e'en Nares to sleep,
Tho' free from learning, humour, sense, or style,
Thy motley chapters cause even Tegg to smile.
If lust or scandal grace the tempting page,
Thy work may scorn the critic's feeble rage;
If rigid priests, or cautious matrons rail,
The world will languish o'er the tempting tale.

Nor genius now nor learning dares to claim,
The glorious wreath of fashionable fame.
While whining Moore reveals his lecherous pains,
And Bowles attempts to rival Pinder's strains,
——— loads the grasping oilman's shelf,
Read and admired by Bensley and himself;
A silent sacrifice to virtue's cause,
He leaves to Moore a wondering world's applause.

See with its Gorgon pointing to the skies,
Obscured by smoke, Minerva's Temple rise.
There many a feeble song and amorous tale,
Well fill'd by slander finds a ready sale,
There bound in red, a " Brighton Story" lies,
And hot-press'd " Kisses" strike the wond'ring eyes,
On yonder shelf " a Tale suppressed" is seen,
On this repose " the Libertines" obscene;
Here lisping Busbys grace the groaning shelves,
And Holstein boasts his twice twelve thousand twelves.
While pois'd in wavering scales poor Weston lies,
The ruthless Birch, or greedy Newman's prize,
And strew'd in heaps upon the dusty floor,
Neglected Foster fails to rise no more,
Alas! no friend to learning enters here,
For there no critic sheds the silent tear,
No well-drest blood deplores their hapless fate,
No Todd redeems them from their prostrate state.
In dark oblivion's gloomy realms they glide,
And leave the world to Morton deified.

Who now believes that Johnson's nervous page
That yield delight in every distant age?
Tho' blest with thought sublime,in language strong
He pours the tide of eloquence along.
Alas! no court to powerful vice he pays,
Nor wealth directs his pen,nor passion sways;
No pointless puns disgrace his manly sense,
No jests licentious give the good offence:
In virtue's cause alone his strength he tries,
Lamented only by the good he dies!

* * * *

The strain is past: no more entranced, I hear
The muse's whispers strike my listening ear;
By pensive cares, and anxious fears opprest,
A deepening gloom o'erpowers my labouring breast;
Sleep's soothing influence on my temples steals,
And night's dark shades the silent world conceals;
In peaceful rest my weary eye-lids close,
In grateful ease my languid limbs repose.
In the still silence of the gloomy night
A beauteous maid appear'd before my sight;
Her auburn hair in artless ringlets flow'd,
Her radiant cheeks with heavenly lustre glow'd;
Her eyes whose fire with mingled pity strove,
Beam'd the mild splendor of celestial love;
Around her form a thousand graces play'd,
A thousand charms her ivory neck display'd;
O'er her fair limbs a snow-white vest she wore,
A silver zone enclasped her waist before,
—— "Hear me!" shesaid, "or virtue's voice no more
Shall point thy steps from pleasure's dangerous shore.
Too soon, alas! no guardian power to guide,
Thy strength shall sink beneath life's stormy tide;
In fruitless grief thy youthful years shall fade,
And sorrow lead thee to the silent shade.
Ah! now no more amidst my guiltless train
Thy verse the suffrage of the good shall gain,

No more by truth inspir'd thy spotless page,
Shall lash the vices of a guilty age,
With Cleveland's prose thy kindred verse shall shine,
And aged harlots hail thy wit divine!"

* * * *

Silent I heard to penitence reclaimed,
And curst the fools who virtue's cause defam'd.
What! tho' no titled rabble croud the door
Of him who bravely ventures to be poor,
Tho' pride and wealth may squint with scornful eye,
On him who truth prefers to flattery;
Yet still for him has heaven rewards in store,
That pride might envy, avarice deplore:
The conscience clear, the calm unclouded day,
The peaceful night, the mild yet steady ray
Of piety, that cheers life's darkest gloom,
And lights the prospects of a world to come:
Blest by the Almighty power with gifts like these,
Let H—— strive the giddy great to please;
Calm I'll look on, while villains rise to fame,
And Grenville's honor'd with a patriot's name!

LAST WORDS: OR, ARMSTRONG *versus* CLARKE.

Sir,

As a friend of Mr. Armstrong permit me to inform you that the gentleman alluded to in the paragraph of the Morning Herald was not Mr. Best the brewer, a young man of high honor and unimpeachable connections, but little Mr. Best, the antagonist of Lord Camelford, and the husband of the daughter of Lord Aldborough. This contradiction is more necessary, as to the one such a report would do infinite harm, while it could not contribute to the mortification of the other. As

for the assertion that this friend of Mary Ann Clarke has thought proper to make, that Mr. Armstrong participated in the profits of a marker at the billiard-table, it is too incredible for belief. If she knew such a circumstance, how happens it that he continued to reside along with them without intimating her discoveries? As for Mrs. Clarke's regularity, virtue, &c. they are pretty well known to a large proportion of the community: her daughters may be educated in decent principles, but how are they to evade the influence of example?

The truth is, that this notorious woman fleeces every body she can, and then holds them up to the ridicule of the public. In this manner she has treated her protectors and friends, all who possessed a claim on her gratitude, or had disclosed their secrets to her in the confidence of love or friendship. First the duke became the object of her treacherous machinations, then Col. Wardle, next to him Major Dodd, and so on for a long progression downwards, till we arrive at Mr. Armstrong. If she had any just cause of public complaint against that gentleman, why did she not manfully avow it, instead of coming before the world with a charge of which the sole criminality attached to herself? If she thought it improper that any modest woman should visit her, or be seen in her company, she has a very correct idea of her character and situation. But what must we think of a female, who first obtains the sanction of a married couple, and as soon as they have served her purpose, basely proclaims to the world the sacrifices they have made? As for the pretty story about the Pandeans, &c. which is most probable? that Mrs. C—— should tell a lie, or that a married and respectable woman should be guilty of the conduct ascribed to Mrs. Armstrong?

I remain, very respectfully,

Your humble servant,

E. E.

We have received many letters from the same quarter as the preceding, and on the same subject. We have

selected that of E. E. as the best written, and most rational; but cannot conscientiously assert, that it has impressed us with more favorable sentiments towards Mr. Armstrong than we formerly entertained. We now dismiss the subject, we hope for ever; and trust that no further trials on our patience shall be made.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor *hospes.*

THE notorious Mr. Coates, the Romeo of Bath and Richmond, the proprietor of the cock equipage; famous at the expence of reputation, and distinguished for every thing that does *not* characterise the gentleman and the man of sense, made his metropolitan *debut* at the Haymarket theatre, in the character of the gallant and the gay Lothario. We have already attempted to characterise this gentleman's mode of acting; but we were not prepared for an exhibition at once so painful and so ludicrous as that which, on this occasion, it became our duty to witness. The most outrageous madman in St. Luke's, never displayed greater wildness of countenance, or greater extravagance of action, than this would-be Garrick. With a face expressive only of the meaner passions, a form by no means remarkable for its symmetry, and an address the very reverse of elegant or insinuating, his occasional appeals to the audience in *propria persona* only tended to exasperate our displeasure, and to aggravate our astonishment. Yet there was such a perfect and original expression of self-complacency in the curvature of his eye-lids, and the protrusion of his lips, that every other emotion

was overpowered in the unrestrained and irresistible indulgence of the risible faculties. At first he was received with good-humoured plaudits, but the laughter soon became incessant; the imitations of chanticleer from the gallery entirely drowned the accents of the gay and gallant hero, and at length overcame his fortitude. He advanced to the front of the stage, but the effect of his countenance was irresistible; a universal *cachinnus* convulsed the pit and the galleries; even the visitors of the dress boxes lost their accustomed self-command, and one overpowering peal shook the theatre to its base.

When he had in some degree recovered from his indignation at this unexpected reception, and the more friendly spectators had obtained a cessation of the uproar, he graciously informed them that he was a man of rank and fashion, that for a broad horse-laugh "to come between the wind and his nobility," was most horrible; that he had assumed the character of Lothario for the benefit of a buxom widow, who entertained a high opinion of his parts; and that if the vulgar people who presumed to consider him as a bad actor, would leave the house, he" putting his hand on the place where his purse should have been, "would pay for them." What a lucky thing it is for some people, that they have the amazing fortune of fifteen hundred a year; it gives them a right to insult the poverty of those whose good opinion they would stoop to the meanest artifices to obtain, and secures them from the necessity of self-examination. Had the very poorest porter in the gallery, exclaimed in apparent earnest, what a fine looking man he is! the bosom of Lothario would have overflowed with gratitude. So inconsistent is purse-proud ignorance with itself!

The other speeches were shorter, more humble, and more ineffectual; the hero's choler was now changed to indignant firmness; the curtain fell in the middle of the fifth act, and Lothario, the gallant and the gay, proceeded with a puff to the office of the Herald.

During the performance, he was occupied in playing

to the Baron Geramb. He nodded to him when he should have bowed to his mistress: when the Baron cast an encouraging glance in return, his countenance beamed with the expression of joy; but when the whiskered nobleman was sullen and inattentive, the hero was moping and melancholy. While he was uttering, therefore, the words of Rowe, his countenance spoke the language of despair; and when he told us that his misery was insupportable, his appearance testified that his happiness was complete.

His acting, however, was productive of temporary benefit. The house was crowded; and with reference to her acceptance of his services, the widow Fairbur has had no occasion to become, in her own person, a *fair penitent.*

In reply to the observations of the critics, Mr. Coates has addressed a letter to the Morning Herald, so replete with nonsense and bad grammar, that the observer is puzzled to determine whether his histrionic or literary efforts be the least worthy of endurance. He justly observes, that his person was not of his own creation, and that if it be not remarkable for symmetry or elegance, he cannot help it; but he forgot that if he could not remove his deformities, he possessed the ability to refrain from their exposure. Ugliness and awkwardness are not reprehensible in themselves; but when they expose themselves to public observation, and claim the honors of grace and beauty, they become the just objects of sarcastic ridicule, or indignant reprobation. As a coxcomb, Mr. Coates is quite at home: let him drive his appropriate vehicle, or mount the Bristol stage, instead of the Haymarket, and we shall be silent with regard to his future progress.

In our last number we lamented the obstinacy with which Mr. Braham persisted in sacrificing pathos to effect. We have since heard him in Robin Adair, and fervently hope, that the applause he received will excite him to persevere in the cultivation of simplicity.

A Mr. Grant, who promises to be a very valuable ac-

quisition to the stage, appeared at the beginning of this month in the character of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. As he has not yet appeared for the second time, we have had no opportunity ourselves of deciding on his pretensions. But to obtain the approbation of the public, notwithstanding the impression left upon its mind by the excellence of Cooke, is, in itself, a proof of commanding talent.

It is asserted, in defence of the introduction of equestrian exhibitions, and the repetition of splendid spectacles at the Covent Garden theatre, that while such representations as these are necessary to attract the multitude, the lovers of Shakespeare and Congreve are equally gratified; that the expression of human feeling, and the delineation of human character, are not superseded by the introduction of quadrupeds, but relieved; that he who does not admire Timour the Tartar, may become a spectator of Macbeth, and that he who takes no interest in the gambols of an elephant, may weep over the sorrows of Ophelia. But the sophistry of this mode of defence will evidently appear from a statement of the truth. The majority of play-going characters would attend and applaud a tragedy of Shakespeare, would be delighted by a farce, and would retire to their homes with a full remembrance of all the emotions they had felt, and all the sentiments they had heard. By repeated visits, they would acquire a relish for the delineation of actual manners, and for all the excellencies of our legitimate dramatists; and even were they condemned to a final absence from the theatre, all their theatrical associations would be connected with the name of Shakespeare, and all their prepossessions be in favor of a regular drama. But at present, after witnessing Hamlet, we are favored with Blue Beard: whatever addresses itself to the eye is longer and more vividly remembered than that which appeals to the understanding: the elephants and the mountains, and the castle, become the subjects of family conversation, while

the prince of Denmark is forgotten; when the junior branches attend the theatre for the first time, they remember what fine things they had heard of Blue Beard, and regard the play only as a dull preliminary to a delightful treat; one visit for the sake of spectacle, gives occasion to another; the taste of the rising generation, and ultimately of the public, is placed at the mercy of a scene-painter, and monsters become the *dramatis personæ.*

But it is asserted that a full attendance cannot be drawn without these and similar excitements. On this observation we shall observe that we admit it to be true; yet in the days of Garrick no such excitements were necessary; a full attendance is not required to afford the managers a handsome profit; and the remark therefore proves nothing more, than that it is natural for the managers to make the concern as profitable as they can. But from this view of the subject arises the very natural and very decisive question why are the taste and morals of the nation to be dependent on the discretion or self-denial of the managers? The chamberlain has in all probability the power of preventing the appearance of those motley exhibitions, that now disgrace the national theatre, and if he has not it should be granted to him. That he may if he pleases prevent the appearance of a quadruped on the stage of the theatre royal, we have no hesitation in asserting, and even this advancement to reform would have a beneficial influence.

In the management of its plot, the "Golden Fish" is neither better nor worse than its predecessors. The scenery is splendid beyond all former parallel, the tricks amusing, and the acting excellent. The contortions and vibrations of Miss Worgman in the fish, must delight the connoisseurs in the minutiæ of Christmas exhibitions; and the view of the comet, and the unclouded heaven, may possibly be admired by that large majority of the people, who pass their lives in London, without dreaming that there is a firmament above them, or that the beauties of nature are superior to those of Parliament-street, or Hoxton-

square. The elephant is of a size unusually small; has not been drilled into the performance of any entertaining evolutions, and is upon the whole a very dull and very useless performer. The artificial animal has a much more striking effect, and the real one can be seen at Exeter Change.

For bustle and business however, Harlequin and Padmanaba must yield precedence to the Lyceum Pantomine. It is called the White Cat, but the White Lion would have been equally appropriate. Prince Polidore finds himself in a wood, the shades of which are pervaded by a glancing and interrupted light, which at length is modified into a distinct and settled brilliance. The trees are transformed into the letters F. A. I. R. Y. though of what alphabet whether Saxon, English, or Black letter it would puzzle Mr. Pinkerton himself to determine. The unseen fairy tells him to follow a floating ball of fire which leads him to an enchanted hall, where he finds about a dozen distressed damsels with their faces covered, and is informed by an inscription that they are all metamorphosed into cats. Perhaps it is meant to insinuate that they are all tabbies; but in that case why were the apes, the poetical companions of old maids, forgotten? At any rate, a view of their phizzes would have been productive of amusement; but they condescend not to unveil, and it would have answered the purpose just as well to have metamorphosed them into *b——s.* In return for disenchanting the fair creatures he is presented with a magic sword, and runs the usual course of pantomimic heroes. Some of the tricks are particularly excellent. The transmutation of Millbank and preparations for the erection of Vauxhall Bridge, into the complete structure in a different point of view was peculiarly excellent. The first of these views was finished with as much effect as if it had not been adapted for metamorphosis. The transmutation of new readings of Shakespeare into an Elephant, was a *fair hit,* though not logically or rhetorically correct. The real Elephant is not the offspring of these new readings, but is substituted for Shakspeare himself, and would have been

so had no new readings ever perplexed us. The scenery was far superior to what could have been expected, considering the extent of the stage: the last scene surpasses in effect any similar effort that we have witnessed.

The dramatic representations of the Christmas week are seldom the proper subjects of criticism; but having had no previous occasion to mention the name of Mr. Putnam, we cannot resist the opportunity of expressing our surprise at his return to the London stage. Industry, the first great requisite to the success of genius, has only aggravated his defects. He is destitute of dignity, yet wants the easy negligence by which he who does not possess it, appears to disclaim it: he solicits attention to his attitudes by all the arts of studied display, yet at last disgusts you by his awkwardness. Forgetting that Kemble has become the object of critical admiration, in spite and not by virtue of his natural defects, he imitates his guttural pronunciation, and copies those peculiarities of manner which in menial actors are the most unpardonable defects. There is a peculiarity too, in the movement of Mr. Putnam's body, that would give a ludicrous effect to exertions more respectable than his. He never addresses one of the dramatis personæ in a direct and manly attitude, but twists his body into such a position, that while his knees project towards the orchestra, his chest is opposite the stage box, He has a strange trick likewise of standing as if the instep of his left shoe were moving on a pivot, while the right is pushing with might and main against the boards. Let him have recourse to a dancing-master.

The return of Miss Smith, who is announced this evening to perform the part of Elwina, in Mrs. More's tragedy of Percy will be hailed by the dramatic public with a satisfaction proportionate to the mortification they experienced from her protracted absence. That she will supply the place of Mrs. Siddons, we dare not hope: the combination of so many natural requisites, with so many acquired perfections, is scarcely to be expected, till after a long interval of dramatic mediocrity.

Miss Smith is an able substitute; but we hope that the present declarations of Mrs. Siddons are like those that have preceded them, and that her occasional appearance in future years may serve to stimulate the industry and repress any prematurity of self-confidence, that may be displayed by her adopted successor.

Saturday, December 28th, 1811.

A new System of Pronunciation, as exemplified in Mr. Lancaster's Lectures.	*Translation by han Hauditor hinto the Wulgar Tong.*
Hend, cystum, wanity, var;	End, system, vanity, war.
Horder vas horder afore it vas hassociated vith var;	Order was order before it was associated with war.
Wile, gal, voman;	Vile, girl, woman.
Wisible, ven, henmity, ole;	Visible, when, enmity, whole.
Harbitrary, vhich, *buzzoots;*	Arbitrary, which, *pursuits.*
Ear him! Is ole art's delight;	Hear him! His whole heart's delight.
Hoxiliary, armony, contrarst;	Auxiliary, harmony, contrast.
Heach vone vud be avin;	Each one would be having.
Hadwarrentage, heit zimmi-zircles;	Advantage, eight semi-circles.
Hunder a nen coop, spile;	Under a hen coop, spoil.
Hit crates hupon my hears ven hi ear hit;	It grates upon my ears when I hear it.
A nog, ve hignorant hought vust;	A hog; we ignorant ought first.
Ighest, wain, wairly, vorn hout;	Highest, vain, fairly worn out.

Cum multis aliis.

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